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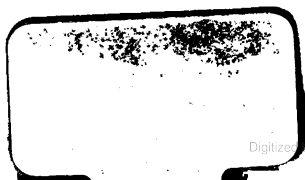
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Nelsons' School Series.

No. III.

THE ROYAL READERS.



ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1872.



P R E F A C E.

Good reading is more readily acquired by practice than by precept. The more children read, they will read the more fluently, intelligently, and gracefully; and children can only be induced to read much by giving them subjects to read about, in which they will naturally feel interested, and by so treating these subjects as to render them attractive.

It is with special reference to this principle, both as regards matter and style, that the Reading-Books in this Series have been prepared. The lessons are designed so to interest young people as to induce them to read, not as task-work merely, but for the pleasure of the thing. They avoid as much as possible that dull solidity which so much tends to make school hours a weariness to the young.

The numerous Illustrations afford an important aid in this respect. The interest of children is far more readily quickened through the eye than through the understanding; indeed it is through the eye that the understanding itself is most quickly reached.

In adapting the lessons for the daily work of the school-room, special care has been bestowed upon the WORD-LESSONS, so as to make them available for a great variety of exercises.

I. The MEANINGS of the difficult words are given at the head of each lesson. The object here has been, not so much to give dictionary meanings, or synonyms, as to translate the words into the language of children. The definitions are in such a form as to admit of their being readily substituted in the lesson for the words explained.

II. The SPELLING-LESSONS are intended to be written in the ordinary MS. character; but they are here given in the *print-writing* type used in the previous books of the Series, in order to continue to familiarize the eye of the pupil with *the appearance words present when written*. This will be found to be a decided help in learning to spell.

"Writing as taught in schools is apt to be too small and indistinct. The letters are either not completely formed, or they are formed by alternate broad and fine strokes, which makes the words difficult to read. The hand-writing which was generally practised in the early part and middle of the last century was far better than that now in

common use. Pupils should be taught rather to imitate broad printing than fine engraving."*

III. For special lessons in PRONUNCIATION, the more difficult words are divided into syllables. Great importance is attached to this exercise, and teachers are advised to make use of it systematically. They will find that when their pupils have learned to pronounce words correctly in syllables, the difficulty of spelling them has been greatly reduced.

To each lesson there are appended QUESTIONS on the subject-matter or on the picture. These questions have been prepared specially to enable the pupil himself to ascertain whether he has mastered the chief points of the lesson. It is suggested that the same questions should be afterwards used as a COMPOSITION EXERCISE. In this case, each answer must be in the form of a complete sentence, reproducing the chief part of the question as a direct statement. For example, the questions on the picture of "The Sailor and the Monkeys" (p. 23) should be thus answered:—"Who is that lying on the ground?" *There is a sailor lying on the ground.* "What is he doing?" *He is fast asleep.* "What do you see on the trees?" *There are several monkeys on the trees.* "What have they got on their heads?" *They have all got caps on their heads.* "What is the monkey on the ground doing?" *The monkey on the ground is going to steal a cap for himself.* "Where did the others get their caps?" *The others stole theirs also from the sailor's bundle.* "How were they made to give them up again?" *The sailor, in a rage, threw his cap down on the ground, and they, mimicking him, did the same.* These answers, read consecutively, form a fair description of the incident in the picture.

As a more advanced exercise, the sentences may be turned into the narrative form, thus:—"There was once a sailor lying on the ground, fast asleep, when a number of monkeys came and stole caps from a bundle which was lying beside him. Each put one of the caps on his head; and when the sailor awoke, he saw the little mimics running about the trees with his caps on. He could not induce them to give them up; so, in a rage, he threw his own cap down on the ground, when they, following his example, all did the same."

The Proverbs, Anecdotes, &c., scattered through the volume, will afford a pleasant change from the continuous lessons; while the elliptical form in which many of them are given will exercise the ingenuity of the children, and encourage them to voluntary working,—truly the best assistant which the teacher can have in the performance of his arduous duties.

* From the Syllabus issued in England by the Education Department, for Candidates for Government Certificates, 1872.

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. The *Useful Knowledge Lessons* are intended to be prepared at home by the pupil.

NOTE.—To indicate to the pupil the correct pronunciation of such words as *nature*, *natural*, *misery*, *misery*, &c., the following principle has been adopted in dividing them into syllables:—1. When an accented vowel is followed by a consonant, the vowel is short. 2. When an accented vowel is not followed by a consonant, the vowel is long—e.g. :

SHORT.

nat'-u-ral
mis'-er-y
pat'-ron-age
hum'-ble

LONG.

na'-ture
mi'-ser
pa'-tron
hu'-man



THIRD READING-BOOK.

The words explained in each Lesson are distinguished by an asterisk

THE SNAIL ON THE WALL.

Ails, is wrong with.

Dame, an old woman.

Gain, win.

Hard, not easy to learn.

Learn, to get by heart.

Re-cit'-ed, repeated aloud.

Re-solved, made up his mind.

Task, lesson.

"WHAT ails* you, lad?" said Dame* Bell to a little boy, who sat near a wall at the back of her house. He had a book in his hand, and tears were in his eyes.

"We have all got a poem called *Little Jim* to learn," said the boy, whose name was Tom Blair; "and the one who says it best is to get a prize from the master. But I don't think I can learn it."

"Why not?" said the dame.

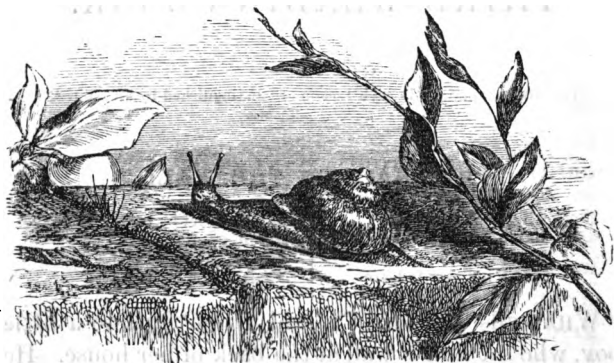
"The boys say that I can't, and that I need not try," said Tom in a sad tone.

"Don't mind what the boys say. Let them see that you can learn it," said his friend.

"But I don't think I can," said Tom; "it is so long, and some of the words are so hard.* I know I need not try for the prize. But I should like to learn the poem as well as I can; for the boys laugh at me, and call me 'Slow Tom.'"

"Well, dear," said the dame, in a kind voice, "if

you are slow, and can't help it, try to be 'slow and sure,' as they say. Look at that snail on the wall; how slow it is! And yet, if you watch it, you will see it will get to the top in time. So just try to



learn a few lines each day, and you may gain* the prize in the end. And when you are like to lose heart, think of the snail on the wall."

When Dame Bell had said this, she went on her way. And Tom thought that (though he could not keep up with the boys) he might run a race with the snail. So he resolved* to try to learn his task,* by the time the snail got to the top of the wall.

At last, the day came on which the master was to give the prize, and he called up the boys to repeat the poem.

When five or six had recited,* it came to Tom's turn. There was a laugh when he got up; for most of the boys thought he would fail. But he did not miss a word; and his heart was full of joy when the master said, "Well done, Tom Blair!"

When the rest of the class had tried, the master said Tom had done best; and he gave him the prize.

"And now tell me," said the master, "how you learned the poem so well."

"Please, sir, it was the snail on the wall that taught me how to do it," said Tom.

There was a loud laugh when Tom said this. But the master said, "You need not laugh, boys; for we may learn much from such things as snails.—How did the snail teach you, Tom?"

"Please, sir, I saw it crawl up the wall bit by bit. It did not stop, nor turn back, but went on, and on. And I thought I would do the same with my task. So I learned it bit by bit, and did not give up. And by the time the snail had got to the top of the wall, I had learned it all."

"Well done, Tom!" said the master.—"Now, boys, let us give a good cheer for Tom Blair and the snail on the wall." And the old house rang with a loud, long cheer. For all were glad that "Slow Tom" had got a prize at last.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Tom cry? What did the other boys call him? What did Dame Bell tell him to watch? What did Tom then make up his mind to do? Who got the prize? When was there a loud laugh? Why did the boys at last give a loud cheer?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

lit-tle	po'-em	mas'-ter	laugh	re-peat'	crawl
eyes	prize	friend	thought	please	learned

WRITE :—

<i>eyes</i>		<i>prize</i>		<i>crawl</i>
<i>poem</i>		<i>friend</i>		<i>please</i>
<i>little</i>		<i>master</i>		<i>learned</i>

LITTLE JIM.

Beck-on, call by a wave of the hand.

Bri-ny, salt, like sea-water.

Con-ceal', hide.

Fain, gladly.

Howl-ing, making a loud, dreary sound.

In thought, in the mind, without speaking.

Moist-en, make wet.

Pa-tient, bearing much without a grumble.

Quiv-er-ing, shaking; trembling with strong feeling.

Strick-en, bowed down with grief.

Thatched, with a straw roof.

To-ken, sign, or proof.

Won-drous, causing wonder; more than you would look for.

THE cottage was a thatched* one,
The outside old and mean;
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous* neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling* wild;
A patient* mother knelt beside
The deathbed of her child:

A little worn-out creature—
His once bright eyes grown dim;
He was a collier's only child—
They called him little Jim.

And oh, to see the briny* tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in* thought;—
She was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she loved
Far better than her life;
For there was all a mother's love
In that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
Beside the suff'rer's bed;
And prays that He will spare her boy,
And take herself instead!

She gets her answer from the child;
Soft fell these words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile,
And beckon* little Jim!

"I have no pain, dear mother, now ;
But oh, I am so dry !
Just moisten* poor Jim's lips again ;
And, mother, don't you cry."

With gentle, trembling haste she held
The tea-cup to his lips ;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
Three tiny little sips.

"Tell father, when he comes from work,
I said good-night to him ;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep"—
Alas ! poor little Jim !

She saw that he was dying—
The child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words that she
Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door was opened,
The collier's step was heard ;
The mother and the father met,
Yet neither spoke a word !

He knew that all was over—
He knew his child was dead ;
He took the candle in his hand,
And walked towards the bed.

His quivering* lips gave token*
Of grief he'd fain* conceal ;*
And see ! his wife has joined him—
The stricken* couple kneel !

With hearts bowed down with sadness,
They humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again
Their own poor little Jim.

ANON.

QUESTIONS.—Where was the mother kneeling ? In what state was the boy ? Why did she offer up her prayer *in thought* ? From whom

did she get her answer? What were Jim's last words? What did his father do when he came in? What did both father and mother then do?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

cot'tage	col'lier	an'swer	ut'tered	coup'le
ev'er-y-thing	hur'ry-ing	trem'bling	nei'ther	up-lift'ed
storm'y	pray'er	dy'ing	hum'bly	an'gels

WRITE :—

<i>patient</i>	<i>uttered</i>	<i>couple</i>
<i>moisten</i>	<i>neither</i>	<i>stricken</i>
<i>hurrying</i>	<i>trembling</i>	<i>quivering</i>

THE TEA-FARMER.

Bam-boo', the stem of a tall, strong reed.	Mer'chant, one who buys and sells.
Coins, pieces of stamped metal, money.	Plen'ti-ful-ly, in great abundance.
Mead, a sweet kind of wine, made of honey and water.	Strewed, spread, or scattered loosely.
	Tank'ard, a large drinking-can.

ONCE upon a time there was no tea at all in our country. In England, in the olden time, people used to drink ale, and a sweet kind of wine called mead.* Great tankards* of ale stood on the breakfast table. Now we use tea and coffee.

When tea was first brought to England, an old man and woman had some sent to them as a great treat. But when they got it, they did not know how it ought to be used. At length they boiled the leaves, and strewed* them on a piece of bacon which they were going to have for dinner. They ate the leaves, and threw the tea away!

In those days, a pound of tea cost so much money that only the rich could buy it. Now it is so cheap that even the poorest can enjoy it.

Tea is the leaf of a plant which grows plentifully* in China, Japan, and other Eastern lands. The

Chinese drink their tea without either milk or sugar. Whenever a visitor comes into a house, a servant always brings him a cup of tea.

Every cottager in China has his little tea-garden. He sells what he does not use, and can thus buy food and clothing for his family.



When a man has a large piece of ground, and grows a great many tea-plants, he is called a tea farmer. When the tea-leaves are ready to be gathered, the farmer and his family are very busy. They pull off the leaves and throw them into baskets. When the baskets are full, they are carried into the house.

The leaves are dried in iron pans over a fire. While they are drying, men and women keep turn-

ing them about. As soon as they begin to crack, they are taken out and spread upon a table. Then the work-people roll them up in their hands, and press all the juice they can out of them.

After being once more dried in the air, the leaves have to go into the pan again over the fire. There they begin to curl and twist; and at last they look as we see them in this country.

The farmer then picks out the best leaves, and gets them ready for market. He may be seen marching off to the town, with his chest of tea slung over his shoulder, on a pole made of bamboo.*

He goes to a tea merchant* and offers the chest of tea for sale. The merchant looks at it, and if he thinks it good he buys it. Then the farmer marches home again, with his money slung over his shoulder. His money consists of a number of strings of brass coins,* of so little value that a great many of them make but a small sum.

QUESTIONS.—What was used in England for breakfast before tea and coffee were known? What mistake did an old man and woman make, when tea first came in? What is tea? Where does it come from? What is a man called who grows a great many tea-plants? What is the first thing done with the leaves when they are pulled? What next? and next? How does the grower carry his tea to market? What does he bring back?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

cot'-ta-ger	vis'-it-or	en-joy'	val'-ue	march'-es
shoul'-der	bas'-kets	dry'-ing	East'-ern	mar'-ket
break'-fast	fam'-i-ly	con-sists'	when-ev'-er	read'-y

WRITE:—

<i>boiled</i>	<i>enjoy</i>	<i>bamboo</i>
<i>length</i>	<i>strewed</i>	<i>shoulder</i>
<i>tankards</i>	<i>cottager</i>	<i>merchant</i>

TIT FOR TAT.

Cru-el, unkind ; wicked.
Dread-ful-ly, very much ; full of fear.
Fu-ture, time to come.
Hum-ming, singing without words.
Mer-ri-ly, in a happy way.

Mis-chief, naughty trick.
Re-mem-ber, keep in mind.
Seize, lay hold of.
Served, did to ; treated.
Se-vere, sharp ; sore.

A BOY was one day sitting on the steps of a door. He had a broom in one hand, and in the other a large piece of bread and butter, which somebody had kindly given him. While he was eating it, and merrily* humming* a tune, he saw a poor little dog quietly sleeping not far from him. He called out to him, "Come here, poor fellow!"

The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, rose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail. Seeing the boy eating, he came near him. The boy held out to him a piece of his bread and butter. As the dog stretched out his head to take it, the boy hastily drew back his hand and hit him a hard rap on the nose. The poor dog ran away, howling most dreadfully,* while the cruel* boy sat laughing at the mischief* he had done.

A gentleman, who was looking from a window on the other side of the street, saw what the wicked boy had done. Opening the street door, he called him to cross over; at the same time holding up a sixpence between his finger and thumb.

"Would you like this?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said the boy, smiling; and he hastily ran over to seize* the money.

Just at the moment that he stretched out his hand, he got so severe* a rap on the knuckles, from

a cane which the gentleman had behind him, that he roared out like a bull !

“What did you do that for ?” said he, making a very long face, and rubbing his hand. “I didn’t hurt you, nor ask you for the sixpence.”

“What did you hurt that poor dog for just now ?” said the gentleman. “He didn’t hurt you, nor ask you for your bread and butter. As you served* him I have served you. Now, remember* dogs can feel as well as boys, and learn to behave kindly towards dumb animals in future.”

QUESTIONS.—What did the dog think he was going to get ? What did the boy do to him ? How was the boy punished ? What did he say ? What did the gentleman tell him to remember ?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

eat’ing	fel’low	smil’ing	be-tween’	to’wards
qui-et-ly	has’ti-ly	o’pen-ing	be-have’	an’i-mals
laugh’ing	six-pence	knuck’les	kind’ly	gen’tle-man

WRITE :—

<i>seize</i>	<i>fellow</i>	<i>merrily</i>
<i>eating</i>	<i>knuckles</i>	<i>between</i>
<i>laughing</i>	<i>mischief</i>	<i>stretched</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

The following are all the words required in this Exercise.

glit’ters	need’y	may	per-form’
com-mand’	quar-rel	num’ber	tongue

It takes two to make a

All is not gold that

Be slow to promise, but quick to

A young man idle, an old man

Do what you ought, come what

Keep good company, and be one of the

Better to slip with the foot than with the

Command your temper, lest it you.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Choos'-es, picks out.

De-scribe, draw, or paint in words; explain.

Down, the soft hair under the feathers of birds.

Hov'-ers, flutters.

In-sects, very small creatures, as flies.

Mate, the male bird.

Scent, fill with sweet smell.

Spar'-kles, twinkles.

UNDER the shade of a tree, at the end of one of the twigs, hangs a tiny little nest. It swings in the air, and is as light as a feather; for it is made chiefly of moss and down.* It is very snug; and within it lie two tiny eggs, of the size of peas, and as white as snow.

Watch a moment, and we shall see what bird it is that has built the nest; for she has only gone to have a sip of honey. It is a lovely place to watch in. Flowers scent* the air. Yonder is a deep wood; and strange flowers of every shape and size grow all about. Some are like monkeys, some like bees, some like butterflies. These flowers are called orchids. They grow in England, only not nearly so large as in warm countries.

Hark! the bird is coming. It is the smallest bird in the whole world. Its body is no bigger than a hazel-nut. But its feathers are more lovely than I can describe.* It has a green crest on its head, which sparkles* like a little star. The colours on its body are green, and gold, and purple. You can scarcely tell where one ends and another begins.

If you look about, you will see more of these little creatures. They are called humming-birds, and live in hot countries,—in India, as well as in America. The woods and groves are alive with

them. They flash about here and there, clad in all the colours of the rainbow. The eye is never tired of watching them.



The humming-bird in the picture is sitting on its eggs, to hatch its young ones. When the mother bird is tired, her mate* comes and takes her place. Then up she springs, and darts away into the woods, where she chooses* some flower that has honey in it.

As she hovers* in the air, she moves her wings about so quickly that you can hardly see them. Her wings make a humming sound as she hovers over the flower; and it is from this that she gets her name.

But she is thinking now about the insects.* There are a great many of these, hidden at the bottom of the flower. She soon spies them out, and she darts her long tongue into the midst of them. Some

insects stick to it; for the tongue is sticky, as if it had been rubbed with glue. The insects are drawn into her mouth; she swallows them, and then darts out her tongue for more.

All this time, she is hovering over the flower, and humming with her wings. When she has had enough of insects, she sips a little honey, and flies back to her nest.

QUESTIONS.—Of what is the nest of the humming-bird made? Where does it hang? What is the size of the bird? In what kind of countries do they live? What is the humming-bird in the picture doing? Who takes her place when she is tired? What causes the humming? What do these birds feed upon?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

feath'er	monk'ey	scarce'ly	rain'bow	hid'den
chief'ly	but'ter-flies	crea'tures	pic'ture	swal'lovs
flow'ers	or'chids	col'ours	quick'ly	e-nough'

WRITE :—

<i>scent</i>	<i>quickly</i>	<i>insects</i>
<i>scarcely</i>	<i>watching</i>	<i>enough</i>
<i>butterflies</i>	<i>creatures</i>	<i>hovering</i>

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

An'cient, old.	Glanc'ing, darting quickly, like rays of light.
Cam-pan-e-ro, the bell-bird of Guiana, in South America. Its note sounds like a bell—hence its name.	Low'ers, falls; comes down.
De-light', happiness.	Pal-met-to, a kind of fan-palm, found in the Southern States of America.
Fan'palm, palm-trees with leaves like a fan.	Ra'diant, shining; sending out rays; cheerful.
Fra'grant, sweet-smelling.	Slend'er, very slight.

THE humming-bird ! the humming-bird !
 So fairy-like and bright ;
 It lives amongst the sunny flowers,
 A creature of delight ! *

In the radiant* islands of the East,
 Where fragrant* spices grow,
 A thousand thousand humming-birds
 Go glancing* to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
 Scarce larger than a bee,
 Amongst the broad palmetto* leaves,
 And through the fan-palm* tree.

There builds her nest the humming-bird,
 Within the ancient* wood,
 Her nest of silky cotton-down,
 And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender* twig,
 Where it waves light and free,
 As the campanero* tolls his song
 While rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
 Like to the red, red rose ;
 Her wing is the changeful green and blue
 That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
 No winter round thee lowers ;*
 Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
 Nor land without sweet flowers :

A reign of summer joyfulness
 To thee for life is given ;
 Thy food the honey from the flower,
 Thy drink the dew from heaven !

MARY HOWITT.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

fai'-ry-like	thou'-sand	change'-ful	sum'-mer	spic'-es
sun'-ny	crim'-son	pea'-cock	joy'-ful-ness	liv'-ing
isl'-ands	shin'-ing	leaf'-less	hon'-ey	hap'-py

WRITE :—

<i>radiant</i>	<i>ancient</i>	<i>summer</i>
<i>fragrant</i>	<i>slender</i>	<i>joyfulness</i>
<i>glancing</i>	<i>leafless</i>	<i>flower</i>

THE BOY WHO WAS ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Bor'-der, edge or outside.
Bus'-iness, trade or employment.
Hired, paid for the loan of.
In vain, without success.

New For'-est, a wide plain in Hamp-
shire, in the south of England.
Pic'-nic, a feast in the open air.
Snatch'-ing, seizing quickly.

SOLOMON SLOW was the son of a gentleman, who lived on the border* of the New Forest.* His mother called him Solomon, "Because," she said, "he is a wise child; 'slow and sure' is sure to do well."

"Yes," said his father; "but he is too slow; and unless he become a little more quick, and a little less lazy, I shall never make a man of him."

When he was about ten years old, his father and some friends planned a pic-nic* in the Forest, and hired* a large van to take them there. They were to set out at seven in the morning. Solomon knew this, as he had heard his father say so the night before.

The sun was shining very brightly when he awoke at six the next morning; but he was as lazy as ever. "If I get up about ten minutes before seven," said he, "I shall be down in plenty of time." So he lay still in bed, and heard all the party pass his door as they went down stairs.

They even called to him; but he gave no answer, and only lazily rolled himself up in the clothes. At last, up he jumped, dressed, and ran down stairs; but he found the breakfast-room empty, and the van gone!

Snatching* up his hat, he ran as fast as he could down the road; but there was a high wind, and the dust was in clouds everywhere. He screamed and

bawled for the van to stop ; but all in* vain. No one could hear him ; and at last, tired with running, and half choked with dust, he walked sulkily home.



But even this did not cure him. He was a lazy boy, and grew up to be a lazy man ; and when in business,* though the coach passed his door every day, he was seldom ready. Just look at him, in the picture, running up the hill, and bawling "Stop ! stop !"

QUESTIONS.—What was the boy's name ? Where did he live ? What did his mother say of him ? What did his father say of him ? At what time was the pic-nic party to start ? When did Solomon awake ? What did he say to himself ? What did he find when he did come down stairs ? What did he then do ? Did he succeed ? What kind of man did he turn out ?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

bright-ly	an-swer	sulk-i-ly	Sol-o-mon	plen-ty
la-zi-ly	run-ning	bus-i-ness	min-utes	emp-ty

WRITE :—

<i>heard</i>	<i>lazily</i>	<i>sulkily</i>
<i>planned</i>	<i>answer</i>	<i>running</i>
<i>brightly</i>	<i>snatching</i>	<i>business</i>



THE SAILOR AND THE MONKEYS.

A-maze'ment, wonder ; surprise.

At-tempt', effort ; plan.

Boot'y, what they had stolen ; plunder.

Dense, thick ; closely set.

In tri-umph, with great joy at his success.

Mim'ics, imitators.

Pro-ceed'ings, on-goings ; what he did.

Re-gained', got back.

Rogues (rōgs), tricky fellows.

Shel'ter, refuge.

Troops, great numbers.

Un-u-su-al, rare ; not often heard.

Ut'ter, very great ; extreme.

A SAILOR once went ashore on the coast of South America. He had with him a number of red wool-len caps for sale. On his way to a town at some distance from the coast, he had to pass through a forest, in which troops* of monkeys were everywhere seen climbing among the trees.

At noon, as the sun was right overhead, the sailor had to take shelter* from its burning rays. He lay down to rest under the shade of a large tree.

Taking one of the caps out of his bundle, he put it on his head, and soon fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, he found, to his utter* amazement,* that the caps were all gone! A most unusual* chattering among the dense* branches above him drew his attention. Looking up, he saw the trees alive with troops of monkeys, and on the head of each monkey was a red woollen cap!

The little mimics* had watched his proceedings,* and, having stolen his caps while he slept, had adorned their black pates with their booty.* The monkeys gave no heed to his shouts, but only grinned at his rage.

Finding every attempt* to get back his caps fruitless, he pulled off the one which he had put on his head, and threw it on the ground, crying out, "Here, you little thieving rogues,* if you *will* keep the rest, you may take this one too!"

No sooner had he done this, than, to his great surprise, the little animals at once did the same. Each snatched the cap from his head and threw it on the ground! The sailor regained* all his caps, and marched off in* triumph.

QUESTIONS.—Who is that lying on the ground? What is he doing? What do you see on the trees? What have they got on their heads? What is the monkey on the ground doing? Where did the others get their caps? How were they made to give them up again?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

A-mer'i-ca	bun-dle	at-ten-tion	climb'ing	fruit-less
dis-tance	branch-es	a-dorned'	chat-ter-ing	thiev-ing
<i>unusual</i>	<i>attempt</i>		<i>triumph</i>	
<i>climbing</i>	<i>fruitless</i>		<i>thieving</i>	
<i>amazement</i>	<i>chattering</i>		<i>snatched</i>	

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

A-bound', are plentiful.

Blow, bloom ; put forth flowers.

Brief, short.

Cat-kins, a kind of flower, in shape

like a cat's tail, growing on willow,
birch, hazel, and other trees.

Gnats, very small insects.

Grat-i-tude, thankfulness.

La-den, loaded ; burdened.

Mel-o-dies, sweet songs.

Orch-ard, a garden of fruit-trees.

Soar-ing, mounting on the wing.

I AM coming, little maiden !
With the pleasant sunshine laden,*
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf :—
Till I come, the time is brief.*

I am coming, I am coming !
Hark ! the little bee is humming ;
See ! the lark is soaring* high
In the bright and sunny sky ;
And the gnats* are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See ! the yellow catkins* cover
All the slender willows over ;
And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen ;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.*

Hark ! the new-born lambs are bleating ;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd !
All the birds are singing loud ;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee—look around !
Flowers in all the fields abound ;*
Every running stream is bright ;
All the orchard* trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven !
 God for thee the Spring has given ;
 Taught the birds their melodies,*
 Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
 For thy pleasure or thy food :—
 Pour thy soul in gratitude?*

MARY HOWITT.

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

com'ing	blos'som	prim'ros-es	bleat'ing	danc'es
maid'en	flow'er	clus'ter-ing	caw'ing	a-round'
pleas'ant	air-y	pur'ple	nois'y	prom'is-es
sun'shine	wil'lows	vi'o-lets	but'ter-fly	heav'en

WRITE :—

<i>cover</i>	<i>yellow</i>	<i>spring</i>
<i>violets</i>	<i>bleating</i>	<i>clustering</i>
<i>maiden</i>	<i>orchard</i>	<i>primroses</i>

THE WONDERFUL PUDDING.

Card, comb with a thing called a card.	Prom'ised us, said we should have.
Ea'ger-ly, with great interest ; anx- iously.	Reck-oned, taken into account.
Em-ployed', made use of ; engaged.	Re-moved', taken away.
Looms, weaving machines.	Smelt'-ers, men who melt the iron ore to get the iron.
Ma-te-ri-als, the things it was made of.	Sur-prised', in a state of wonder ; astonished.
Pre-pared', got ready.	U-su-al, common, ordinary.
Pro-cure', get ; obtain.	

OUR Uncle Robert one day came to us, and asked us to dinner. He said he would give us a pudding, the materials* of which had given work to more than a thousand men !

"A pudding that has taken a thousand men to make ! Then it must be as large as a church !"

"Well, my boys," said Uncle Robert, "to-morrow at dinner-time you shall see it."

Scarcely had we taken our breakfast next day, when we prepared* to go to our uncle's house.

When we got there, we were surprised* to see everything as calm and quiet as usual.

At last we sat down to table. The first dishes were removed*—our eyes were eagerly* fixed on the door—in came the pudding! It was a plum-pudding of the usual* kind—not a bit larger!

“This is not the pudding that you promised* us,” said my brother.

“It is, indeed,” said Uncle Robert.

“O uncle! you do not mean to say that more than a thousand men have helped to make that little pudding?”

“Eat some of it first, my boy; and then take your slate and pencil, and help me to count the workmen,” said Uncle Robert.

“Now,” said Uncle Robert, “to make this pudding we must first have flour; and how many people must have laboured to procure* it! The ground must have been ploughed, and sowed, and harrowed, and reaped. To make the plough, miners, smelters,* and smiths,—wood-cutters, sawyers, and carpenters,—must have laboured.

“The leather of the harness for the horses had to be tanned, and prepared for the harness-maker. Then, we have the builders of the mill, and the men who quarried the mill-stones, and made the machine-work of the mill.

“Then think of the plums, the lemon-peel, the spices, the sugar;—all these come from distant countries; and to get them hither, ships, ship-builders, sail-makers, sailors, growers, merchants, and grocers, have been employed.*

"Then we need eggs, milk, and suet."

"Oh, stop, stop, uncle!" cried I. "I am sure you have counted a thousand!"

"I have not reckoned* all, my child. We must cook the pudding, and then we must reckon colliers who bring us coal, miners who dig for tin and iron for the sauce-pan. Then there is the linen of the cloth it was wrapped in. To make this we must reckon those who grow the flax, and gather it, and card* it, and spin it, and weave it, and all the workmen who make the looms* and machines."

Robert and I both said we were quite satisfied that there were more than a thousand men employed.

QUESTIONS.—To how many men had the pudding given work? What kind of pudding was it? What was its size? How could that pudding employ so many men? Were the boys satisfied?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

la'-boured	pud'-ding	un'-cle	min'-ers	ma'-chine'-work
har'-rowed	to-mor'-row,	qui'-et	car'-pen-ters	sat'-is-fied
quar'-ried	break'-fast	col'-liers	build'-ers	lin'-en

WRITE:—

<i>promised</i>	<i>laboured</i>	<i>quarried</i>
<i>materials</i>	<i>ploughed</i>	<i>wrapped</i>
<i>to-morrow</i>	<i>harrowed</i>	<i>employed</i>

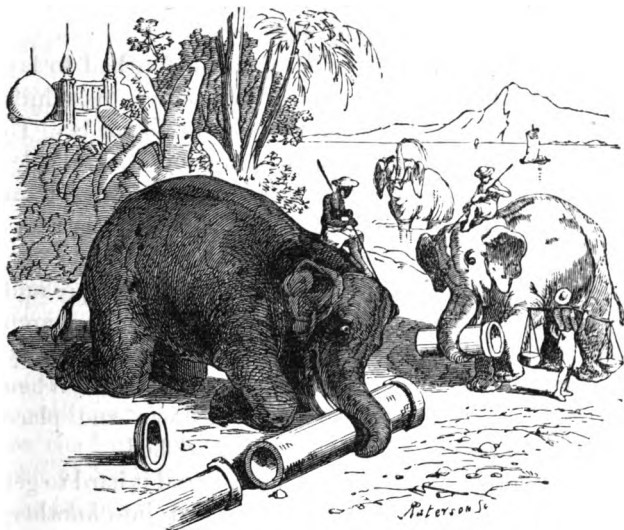
TOO FAST—(Elliptical).

tied un-do' robbed de-spair'

Two travellers were in a wood, and to trees. One of them, in, exclaimed,—

"Oh, I am undone!"

"Are you," said the other joyfully; "then I wish you would me."



STORIES OF THE ELEPHANT.

Cey-lon, a large island in Asia, south of India.

Em-ploy', make use of.

En-gin-eer', one who makes railways, and other great works.

Ex-act-ly, without mistake; precisely.

In-ter-est-ing, pleasing; amusing.

Ob-sta-cle, anything in the way.

Sat-is-fied, pleased with its work.

Sev-er-al, more than one; a good many.

IN the Island of Ceylon,* there are large herds of wild elephants. Many have been caught and tamed, and made useful in helping to build bridges, houses, and churches.

Travellers tell us, that some of them are as careful about the neatness of their work as men could be! An elephant has been known to step back a few yards to see if it had laid a block of wood or

stone straight; and then, if not satisfied,* to return and push it into its right place!

Some years ago, an engineer* in Ceylon had to lay pipes to convey water nearly two miles, over hills and through woods where there were no roads. To help him in his work, he had to employ* several* elephants; and nothing could be more interesting* than to watch the way in which the elephant engineers did their work.

Lifting up one of the heavy pieces of pipe, and balancing it in its trunk, each animal would march off with its load, and carry it safely over every obstacle,* to the place where it was to be laid. When it reached the spot, it would kneel down and place the pipe exactly* where the driver wished.

Once, when one of the elephants found it hard to get one of the pipes it had brought fitted into another, it got up and went to the end of the pipe, and putting its head against it, soon forced it into its right place.

In a show of wild beasts at Bath, some years ago, there was a large good-natured elephant. Among the crowd that went to see it was a baker. He thought it a clever thing to tease the elephant, by pretending to give it a cake, and then pulling away his hand.

The elephant bore this for some time well enough, but at last it got angry. Putting its trunk out of the cage, it caught the baker round the waist, lifted him to the top of the caravan, and bumped his head with great force against the roof.

Everybody thought the man would be killed. But all at once the elephant loosened its trunk, and dropped him from the roof to the ground, in the very midst of the people. There he lay for a minute or two, looking half dead; but when the people came to him, he got up and walked away as if nothing had happened.

Though he was very much frightened, he was not hurt; but you may be sure he never tried to play tricks upon elephants again.

A poor woman, in one of the cities of India, had a stall in the market-place, where she sold fruit. An elephant used to go by, and always stopped to look at her stall. She knew how fond the elephant was of fruit; and she used, now and then, to give him some.

One day the elephant fell into a passion with his keeper. He broke loose, and ran through the market, trampling down everything before him.

The people at the stalls ran away as fast as they could. The poor woman left her stall and ran too. But she forgot, in her fright, that her little child was sitting on the ground, close by the stall!

It was just in the elephant's way, and you would think it must have been trampled to death. But the elephant knew the child again, and knew that this was the stall where he had been fed with fruit.

Though he was in a passion, he stopped. He looked at the child, and picked it up with his trunk. Then he set it out of his way, and went on. You

may think how glad the poor woman was to see her child safe.

QUESTIONS.—Where are there large herds of wild elephants? For what are they useful when tamed? What are the elephants in the picture doing? When did this take place? What did one of the elephants do when it could not get the pipe to fit? What did the elephant at Bath do to the baker who teased him? How did the poor woman in India make the elephant her friend? How did he reward her?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

el'e-phants	car-a-van'	a-ware'	use'ful	care'ful
trav-el-lers	fright'ened	tram'pled	bridg'es	con-vey'
neat'ness	hap'pened	pre-tend'ing	hous'es	mark'et
bal'anc-ing	swal-low	loos'ened	church'es	al'ways

WRITE :—

<i>build</i>	<i>kneel</i>	<i>caught</i>
<i>Ceylon</i>	<i>obstacle</i>	<i>loosened</i>
<i>satisfied</i>	<i>engineer</i>	<i>pretending</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

WORDS PRONOUNCED ALIKE, BUT SPELT DIFFERENTLY.

The correct spelling of the word for each blank space either to be given orally or to be written on the slate.

awl	I found that	the poor shoemaker had	was an	and
all	some lasts.	I did	I could to help him.	
an	At the picnic	exchanged with little Emma	apple	
Ann	for	egg.		
blue	The wind	away the sheet of	paper, and it fell	
blew	into the stream.			
bough	If you do not	down, you will strike your head		
bow	against the	of the tree.		
bad	If he	you do so, he gave you	advice ; and you	
bade	should not follow it.			
beet	He,	the poor dog with a	root, and deserves to	
beat	be	himself.		

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

CLOTHING.

Cotton.—What is Cotton? It is the soft down that grows in the seed-pod of the cotton-plant.

Where does this plant grow? In the United States, and in India.

How is the Cotton made into Cloth? It is spun into yarn, and then woven into a web of cloth.

Where is the chief seat of its manufacture? Manchester, in Lancashire.

What is Cotton Cloth generally called? Calico, from Calicut, in India, where it was first made.

What is Nankeen? A kind of cotton, naturally of a yellow colour, first made at Nankin, in China.

What is the finest kind of cotton? Muslin; much used for ladies' dresses. The best is made in France.

Linen.—What is Linen made from? From the threads in the stem of the flax-plant.

Where does this plant grow? In Ireland, Holland, Germany, and Russia.

What do we get from the seeds of the flax-plant? Linseed oil and meal; and oil-cake, with which cattle are fed.

What is Damask? Linen with figures woven in it; so called from Damascus, in Syria, where it was first made.

What is the finest kind of Linen? Cambric; so called from Cambray, in France, where it was first made.

Wool.—What is Woollen Cloth made from? From the fleece of the sheep.

Where is it chiefly made? In the West of England, and in Yorkshire.

What is Worsted? It is the name given to the coarser kinds of woollen stuffs, as flannels. It is also the name of the woollen thread or yarn used in knitting stockings.

What is Merino? It is a fine kind of woollen cloth; so called from the Spanish merino sheep.

Does all our Merino Wool come from Spain? No; the merino sheep is now reared in Australia, and much of our merino wool comes from that colony.

What is Alpaca? It is a silky woollen cloth, made from the hair of the Alpaca sheep, which lives in Peru, in South America.

What is the finest kind of Woollen Cloth? Cashmere, made from the wool of the Cashmere goat.

Silk.—From what is Silk made? From the fine threads made by a caterpillar called the silk-worm, and wound round its body before it turns into a chrysalis.

Where did the Silk-worm first come from? From China; but it is now reared in all the warmer countries of Europe, especially in France.

What is Ribbon? Silk woven in narrow webs or bands.

What is Satin? A closely-woven and glossy silk fabric.

What is Saracenet? A very fine, thin silk, first made by the Saracens.

What is Velvet? A thick silk cloth, with a shaggy pile on the surface.

What is Velveteen? Cotton velvet; an imitation of silk velvet, made of cotton.

What is Crape? A kind of gauze, made of raw silk, and stiffened with gum-water.

Lace.—What is Lace? A fine kind of network, made of loops of linen, cotton, and silk threads.

Where is the finest Lace made? What is called *real* lace is best made at Brussels: it is made of linen-thread.

Of what is common Net made? Of cotton-thread.

What towns in the British Isles are famous for Lace-making? Nottingham in England, and Limerick in Ireland.

Leather.—What is Leather? The skins or hides of animals, made clean, soft, and lasting by a process called tanning.

What is Morocco? A very soft kind of leather, made from goats' skins; so called because it was first brought from Morocco, in Africa.

What is Chamois? The soft leather made from the skin of the Swiss goat.

Hats and Caps.—Of what are Men's tall Hats made? They used to be made of the skin of the beaver (see p. 134); but they are now made of a silk cloth, with a long nap on it like the beaver's hair, and are called silk hats.

Of what are Caps made? Of woollen or worsted cloth.

What is Felt? Woollen cloth pressed and beat till it becomes close and stiff.

Of what are Ladies' Bonnets and some kinds of Hats made? Of the straw or stems of wheat plaited together.

What part of England is famous for Straw-plaiting? The counties north of London, especially Bedfordshire.

Gloves.—Of what are Gloves made? Of woollen and worsted cloth, of cotton and linen thread, and of different kinds of leather.

Of what kinds of Leather are they made? Of dog-skin, doe-skin, calf-skin, and especially of *kid*, the skin of the young goat.

Where are the best Kid Gloves made? In Paris and Grenoble, in France.

COMMON THINGS.

Paper.—From what is Paper made? From cotton and linen rags, and from different kinds of straw.

How is it made? First, the rags are torn into very small shreds, and boiled till, with the water, they form a thin pulp not unlike gruel.

What is done with this Pulp? It is passed through a machine, in which it is strained, dried, and pressed, and so becomes a web of paper.

What is now much used in making Paper for printing? A kind of grass that grows in Spain.

From what does Paper take its name? From the *papyrus*—a plant which was used by the Egyptians for writing on.

What is Rice Paper? Paper made of the pith or rind of the rice-plant, used by the Chinese.

What is Blotting Paper? It is soft, porous paper, prepared.

How is Paper sized? By the addition of a thin resin, which makes it to some extent water-proof.

From what is Brown Paper made? From sacking, canvas, and other coarse hempen materials.

How are Paste-board and Card-board made? By pasting and pressing together several layers of paper.

Ink.—What is Ink made of? Of gall-nuts and a preparation of iron, mixed with water and gum-arabic.

What are Gall-nuts? Little balls formed on those parts of the tender shoots of the oak where an insect has laid its eggs.

Where do the best Gall-nuts come from? From Aleppo and Smyrna, in Asia.

Pens.—What are Pens made of? Of quills and of metal.

What are Quill Pens? The quills or wing-feathers of the goose, swan, or other bird; prepared, for the purpose of writing, by moisture and heating.

What are Metallic Pens chiefly made of? Of steel; but sometimes the points are of gold, silver, or platinum.

When were Steel Pens first made? In 1803.

What were used as Pens in ancient times? Reeds cut and pointed like a quill.

Pencils.—What are Pencils made of? Of a mineral called black-lead or plumbago, enclosed in a small stick of cedar-wood.

Where is the best Black-lead found? In Cumberland.



HOW A DOG GOT HIS DINNER.

Cer-tain, fixed.

De-light, joy; pleasure.

Guests, persons asked to the dinner.

Lib-er-al, free to give.

Re-ceived, got.

Served, provided; treated.

IN a town in the south of France, twenty poor people were served* with dinner, at a certain* hour every day. A dog belonging to the place was always present at this meal, to watch for the scraps that were now and then thrown to him.

The guests,* however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very liberal.* So the poor dog hardly did more than smell the feast, of which he would have liked a share.

Now it happened that this dinner was served out to each one on his ringing a bell; but, as the person

who served the dinner handed it through a small opening, he did not see who received* it.

Well, one day the dog had waited till all the poor people were gone. Having himself got very little to eat, he reached up, took hold of the rope by his teeth, and rang the bell. A good dinner was at once handed out, and the dog ate it with great delight.*

This was done by the dog for several days; but the rogue was at length found out. It was thought, however, so clever for a dog, that he was allowed to take his regular turn at the dinner every day. And thus he went on for a long time, ringing the bell, and taking his meal with the other beggars!

QUESTIONS.—What is the dog in the picture doing? Why? What is that coming through the opening? For whom is it? How did the dog learn to do this? How long did he do it before he was found out? Why was he allowed to continue it? Where did this take place?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

pres-ent	hard-ly	sev-er-al	be-long-ing	reg-u-lar
how-ev-er	o-pen-ing	al-lowed	hap-pened	hand-ed
hun-gry	wait-ed	beg-gars	clev-er	din-ner

WRITE :—

<i>liberal</i>	<i>delight</i>	<i>clever</i>
<i>certain</i>	<i>received</i>	<i>several</i>
<i>belonging</i>	<i>happened</i>	<i>regular</i>

HAPPINESS—(Elliptical).

swing gate coun-try

“WERE I but a king,” said a boy, “I would eat my fill of fat bacon, and upon a all day long.”



THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

Dis-pair', utter want of hope.
Feign'ings, pretences.
Fer'vent, warm; burning.
Gaunt, thin; starved-looking.
Im'po-tent, powerless; useless.
Nes'tled, lay close, as in a nest.
Pang, a sting of sorrow.

Pit'e-ous-ly, with great pity, or sorrow.
Sub'dued', overcome; brought down.
Ten'der, loving.
The while, at the same time.
Thresh'old, the stone under the door
 of a house.
Wring, twist, or force painfully.

A THOUSAND flocks were on the hills,
 A thousand flocks and more,
 Feeding in sunshine pleasantly:
 They were the rich man's store.
 There was the* while one little lamb
 Beside a cottage door;

A little lamb that rested
 With the children 'neath the tree;
 That ate, meek creature, from their hands,
 And nestled* to their knee;
 That had a place within their hearts—
 One of the family.

But want, even as an armed man,
Came down upon their shed :
The father laboured all day long
That his children might be fed ;
And, one by one, their household things
Were sold to buy them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye,
Upon his threshold* stood ;
Gaunt* poverty each pleasant thought
Had in his heart subdued.*
“What is the creature’s life to us ?”
Said he ; “’twill buy us food.

“Ay, though the children weep all day,
And with down-drooping head
Each does his small task mournfully,
The hungry must be fed ;
And that which has a price to bring
Must go to buy us bread.”

It went. Oh, parting has a pang*
The hardest heart to wring ;*
But the tender* soul of a little child
With fervent* love doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings* false,
Unto each gentle thing.

Therefore most sorrowful it was
Those children small to see ;
Most sorrowful to hear them plead
For the lamb so piteously :
“O mother dear, it loveth us !
And what besides have we ?”

“Let’s take him to the broad green hill,”
In his impotent* despair,*
Said one strong boy—“let’s take him off,
The hills are wide and fair ;
I know a little hiding-place,
And we shall keep him there.”

Oh, vain!—They took the little lamb,
 And straightway tied him down;
 With a strong cord they tied him fast,
 And o'er the common brown,
 And o'er the hot and flinty roads,
 They took him to the town.

The little children through that day,
 And throughout all the morrow,
 From everything about the house
 A mournful thought did borrow;
 The very bread they had to eat
 Was food unto their sorrow.



MARY HOWITT.

QUESTIONS.—Why had the pet lamb to be sold? Who were very vexed? Why? What did they think of doing? Did they succeed? Why did the bread they got to eat make them sadder?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

pleas'-ant-ly	mourn'-ful-ly	la'-boured	thou'-sand	pov'-er-ty
fam'-i-ly	huff'-gry	crea'-ture	be-side'	bor'-row
chil'-dren	straight'-way	sor'-row-ful	cot'-tage	flint'-y
down'-cast	sun'-shine	through-out'	rest'-ed	gen'-tle

WRITE:—

<i>nestled</i>	<i>creature</i>	<i>impotent</i>
<i>sunshine</i>	<i>subdued</i>	<i>sorrowful</i>
<i>laboured</i>	<i>feignings</i>	<i>throughout</i>

A SLY HIT—(Elliptical).

know	re-plied'	thought
sent	fat'-tens	people

JOHN was to be very stupid. He was to a mill one day; and the miller said, "John, some say you are a fool. Now tell me what you . . . , and what you don't know."

"Well," John, "I know millers' hogs are fat!"

"Very well, John. Now tell me what you don't know."

"I don't know," said John, "whose corn them."

BRAVE BOBBY.

Bound for, ready or fixed to go to.

Cape-of-Good-Hope, the most southerly point of Africa.

Ca-reased, made of, fondled.

Clear-ing, leaping over without touching.

Cramp, a stiffening of the limbs, which makes swimming impossible, and often causes drowning.

Doub-led, went back again over the same line.

Fran-tic, beside himself; out of his senses; mad.

Frol-ic-some, playful.

Hand, one of the crew.

Jol-ly-boat, a small boat belonging to a ship; a yawl-boat.

New-found-land, a large island in North America.

Pas-sen-gers, travellers by a public conveyance.

Shat-tered, broken; shivered.

SOME years ago, a ship bound* for China had on board, with other passengers,* an officer, his wife, their only child—a little boy five years old, and a large Newfoundland* dog called Bobby.

Everybody in the ship liked Bobby, he was so good-tempered and frolicsome;* but the boy was the dog's constant playmate. He was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was of him.

One evening while the little boy and the dog were romping together, the ship gave a roll, and splash went the child into the sea!

A cry was raised, "A hand* over! a hand over!" and the brave dog sprang over the side of the ship, clearing* it like a greyhound, and swam towards the stern.

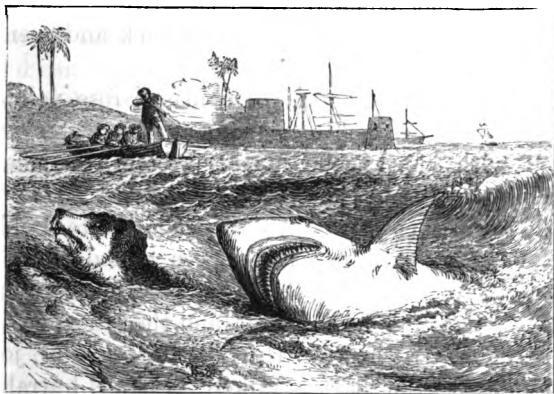
The little boy's father, half frantic,* leaped with others into the jolly-boat;* but it was too dark to see far before them. All gave the child up for lost.

At last they heard a splash on the left side of the ship. "Pull on, quick!" cried the father. The boat was turned, the men pulled with all their might, and in a moment brave Bobby was alongside, holding up the child in his mouth! Joy! joy! joy!

The boat was rowed back to the ship; the half-

drowned boy soon got better; the parents were delighted; and brave Bobby was caressed* by all.

At the Cape-of-Good-Hope,* the passengers were to be landed. The officer got into the boat, with his wife and child; but he told the sailors to hold the Newfoundland dog tight by the collar till the boat was some distance from the ship. "You will then see," said he, "what a strong swimmer he is."



Brave Bobby pulled and tugged to get loose, but all in vain; for they held him till the boat was near the shore. But no sooner did the officer give the signal than the dog was set at liberty, and away he went full dash into the sea.

Suddenly the poor animal set up a shrill howl, and threw himself out of the water. At first it was thought he had been seized with cramp;* but it was worse than that—a shark was after him!

"A shark! a shark!" sounded from the boat to the ship. Bobby swam right and left, and dived

and doubled,* showing his teeth, and never allowing the shark time to turn on his back; without doing which the monster could not bite him.

The officer in the boat soon saw that there was little chance of reaching the spot in time to save the dog. Poor Bobby swam and dodged, till he was almost tired out. "Stop rowing," cried the officer to the men, "and turn the boat round."

Just at that moment the shark, which had got very close to the dog, turned on his back and opened his horrid mouth!

Bobby was all but gone. His master rose, pointed his gun, and fired. In a moment the water was tinged with blood: the horrid jaws of the shark were shattered* to pieces!

The men then rowed to the spot where Bobby was swimming about. The officer pulled the dog into the boat; the child threw his little arms around him; and the men in the boat, and the sailors in the ship, cried out with joy, "Hurrah! hurrah! joy! joy! Bobby is safe! the shark is killed! Hurrah! hurrah!"

QUESTIONS.—How does the dog in the picture happen to be in the water? When did this occur? What fish is that near the dog? Why is it turning on its back? Who are in the boat? How was the dog saved? Why was he so much loved by his master?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

Chi-na	grey-hound	mo-ment	of-fi-cer	sound-ed
con-stant	de-light-ed	mon-ster	sud-den-ly	al-low-ing
play-mate	lib-er-ty	row-ing	a-long-side	sail-ors

WRITE:—

<i>officer</i>	<i>sounded</i>	<i>hurrah</i>
<i>suddenly</i>	<i>allowing</i>	<i>moment</i>
<i>passengers</i>	<i>alongside</i>	<i>shattered</i>

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE BEAR.

A-shamed', filled with shame.

Cour-age, bravery ; spirit ; fearless-ness.

Muz-zle, the biting part ; the mouth and nose of an animal.

Nim-ble, active, quick.

Plunged, dived, as into water.

Pres-ence of mind, readiness of wit ; knowing what to do.

Thick-et, a place where shrubs are thickly set.

Wince, start.

Two men were going through a forest.

"I am afraid," said one, "that we may meet with wild beasts ; I see the tracks of their paws on the ground."

"Fear nothing, friend Quickwit," cried the other, whose name was Braggart. "In case of an attack we shall stand by one another like men. I have a strong arm, a stout heart, and—"

"Hark !" cried the first in alarm, as a low growl was heard from a thicket* near. In an instant Braggart, who was light and nimble,* climbed up a tree like a squirrel, leaving his friend, who was not so active, to face the danger alone !

But Quickwit's presence* of mind did not fail him. He could not fight, he could not fly ; but he laid himself flat on the ground, and held his breath, so as to appear quite dead. Out of the thicket rushed a huge bear, and at once made up to poor Quickwit ; while Braggart looked down, trembling, from his perch in the tree.

One may guess what were the feelings of Quickwit when the bear snuffed all round him, coming so near that he could feel its warm breath, when its muzzle* was close to his ear ! But Quickwit did not wince* or move ; and the bear, thinking him dead, plunged* again into the thicket, leaving him quite unharmed !



When Braggart saw that the danger was over, he came down from the tree. Somewhat ashamed* of his cowardly conduct, he tried to pass off the matter with a joke.

“Well, my friend Quickwit,” he said, “what did the bear say to you when he whispered into your ear?”

“He told me,” replied Quickwit, “never again to trust a boaster like you!”

The hour of danger often shows that the greatest boasters are the greatest cowards. Let courage* be proved by deeds, not by words.

QUESTIONS.—What were the names of the two friends? Which appeared to be the braver, from his way of speaking? What did he do when the growl of the bear was heard? Who is lying close to the bear

in the picture? Is he dead, or what? How did the other try to pass off the matter? What was the bear's advice?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

Quick-wit	ap-pear'	squir-rel	cow-ard-ly	leav-ing
Brag-gart	con-duct	trem-bling	whis-pered	boast-ers
at-tack'	cour-age	un-harmed'	think-ing	dan-ger

WRITE :—

<i>thicket</i>	<i>muzzle</i>	<i>boasters</i>
<i>squirrel</i>	<i>trembling</i>	<i>cowardly</i>
<i>presence</i>	<i>unharméd</i>	<i>whispered</i>

THE DUN COW.

Bram'-ble, a wild, prickly shrub, bearing sweet black berries.

Dan-de-li-on, a common plant, with a yellow flower. The name means *lion's tooth*; so called because of the tooth-like edges of its leaves.

Ex-claimed', called out.

Main, very great; powerful.

Pant'-ing, breathing quickly; gasping.

Shrink'-ing, cowering from fear.

Stile, steps for climbing over a fence.

Strolled, wandered or walked slowly.

Sus-pect', am inclined to think; guess.

Vi-cious, wicked; ill-tempered.

Whisk'-ing, nipping or cutting off by a quick motion.

"YES, Mary; now that *I* am at home, you may walk anywhere with me, and fear nothing!" cried Alfred, whisking* off the heads of the dandelions* in the field with his cane, as he strolled* along with his sister. "If a robber were to attack us now, or two, or half a dozen, I would—"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed* Mary suddenly, "I had forgotten that this is the field in which the farmer keeps that vicious* dun cow! There she is!--she has caught sight of us!"

"Run! run for your life!" shouted Alfred, as with levelled horns and tail in the air the dun cow came rushing towards them!

Both the children began to fly at their utmost speed, making for a stile* which was not far off.

"Stop, brother!—oh, stop!" cried poor Mary. "A bramble* has caught my jacket! Set me free—oh, set me free!"

The only answer which came was a bellow from the cow, which made Alfred run the faster, and so alarmed Mary that she pulled away her jacket by main* force, leaving half a yard of lace on the bramble!

Panting,* she reached the stile; and, scrambling over in a moment, joined her brother on the safe side.

The ill-tempered cow gave another bellow, seeing the children beyond reach of her horns.

"What does she mean by that roar?" cried Alfred, shrinking* back at the sound; for, however brave he might be against absent robbers, he was mightily afraid of a cow.

"I suspect,*" laughed Mary, who had got over her fright, "that her bellow means much the same as the whisper of the bear to the traveller in the fable—'Let courage be proved by deeds—not by words!'"

A. L. O. E.

QUESTIONS.—What did Alfred say to his sister? What did Mary remember? What did Alfred do when he saw the cow? What did he do when his sister was in trouble? What did Mary say the cow's last bellow meant?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

rob-ber	for-got'-ten	shout'-ed	ill'-tem-pered	scram'-bling
sud'-den-ly	lev-elled	jack-et	might'-i-ly	cour-age

WRITE:—

<i>strolled</i>	<i>vicious</i>	<i>courage</i>
<i>whisking</i>	<i>caught</i>	<i>shrinking</i>
<i>dandelions</i>	<i>bramble</i>	<i>scrambling</i>

WE ARE SEVEN.

Clus-tered, hung thickly.
 Con-way, a town in the
 north of Wales.

Por-rin-ger, a small bowl to
 hold porridge.
 Re-lieved, set free, eased.

I MET a little cottage girl,
 She was eight years old, she said ;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered* round her head.

" Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be ?"
 " How many ? seven in all," she said,
 And, wondering, looked at me.

" And where are they, I pray you tell ?"
 She answered, " Seven are we ;
 And two of us at Conway* dwell,
 And two are gone to sea ;

" Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 My sister and my brother ;
 And in the churchyard cottage I
 Dwell near them with my mother."

" You say that two at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet you are seven ; I pray you tell,
 Sweet maid, how this may be ?"

Then did the little maid reply,
 " Seven boys and girls are we ;
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

" You run about, my little maid,
 Your limbs they are alive ;
 If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,—
I sit and sing to them.



"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane :
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God relieved* her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And, all the summer dry,

Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go;
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden would reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven."—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

won'-der-ing	stock-ings	be-neath'	sun'-set	throw'-ing
church-yard	re-plied'	to-geth-er	sum'-mer	spir'-its
an'-swered	moan'-ing	'ker'-chief	maid-en	heav-en

WRITE:—

<i>clustered</i>	<i>replied</i>	<i>moaning</i>
<i>wondering</i>	<i>answered</i>	<i>beneath</i>
<i>churchyard</i>	<i>stockings</i>	<i>together</i>

THE LATIN FOR COLD—(Elliptical).

mo'-ment	an'-swered
schol'-ars	school'-mas-ter

A asked one of his in the winter time
what was the Latin word for *cold*.

"Oh, sir," the boy, "I forget it at this, but
I have it at my fingers' ends."

THE GATE WITHOUT A LATCH.

As-sist', help.

Colt, a young horse.

Hue-and-cry, chasing and shouting

O-blighed', forced. [at once.]

Prov-erbs, well-known truths.

Re-sult', what followed.

Re-turned', went back.

Scorched, burned on the outside.

Ut-ter-ly, altogether.

Ver-i-fied, shown to be true.

THERE was a farmer, who had a little gate, which opened from his yard into a field. This little gate wanted a latch, and therefore could not be fastened.

When he passed through the gate, he was very careful to pull it after him ; but other people were not always so mindful. Even with all his care, the wind would often blow it open again after he had closed it.

The result* was, that the gate was generally either flapping backwards and forwards in the wind, or standing wide open.

In this way the poultry were always getting out ; and the sheep and lambs were always getting in. It took up half the children's time to run after the chickens and drive them back into the yard, and to send the sheep and the lambs back into the field.

The farmer's wife was always telling him that he ought to get the latch mended ; but he used to say that it would cost sixpence, and that it was not worth while. He said that the children might as well be driving the sheep and the poultry in and out of the yard and the field as be doing nothing. So the gate remained without the latch.

One day a fat pig got out of its sty, and, pushing open the gate, ran into the field, and thence wandered

into a thick wood. The pig was soon missed, and a hue-and-cry* was raised after it.

The farmer was in the act of tying up a horse in the stable ; but he left it, to run after the pig.

His wife was ironing some clothes in the kitchen ; and she left her work, to follow her husband.

The daughter was stirring some broth over the fire ; and she left it, to run after her mother.

The farmer's sons and his man joined in the chase after the pig ; and away they all went, men and women, pell-mell, to the wood.

But the man, making more haste than good speed, sprained his ankle in jumping over a fence. The farmer and his sons were obliged* to give up chasing the pig, to carry the man back to the house. The good woman and her daughter also returned* to assist* the poor man who was hurt.

When they got back to the house, they found that the broth had boiled over,—that the dinner was spoiled ; and that two shirts, which had been hanging before the fire, were scorched* and utterly* ruined.

The farmer scolded his wife and the girl, for being so careless as not to take the shirts and the broth from the fire before they left the kitchen.

He then went to his stable, where he found that the horse, which he had left loose, had kicked a fine colt* and broken its leg. The servant was kept in the house for a fortnight, by the hurt to his ankle.

Thus, besides the injury done to the farmer's man, the farmer lost two weeks' work from his servant, a fine colt, a fat pig, and his two best shirts, to say

nothing of the loss of his dinner—all for the want of a sixpenny latch!

In this way were two good old proverbs* verified :—

For want of a nail the wheel comes off.
Safe bind, safe find.

QUESTIONS.—Why was the yard gate often left open? What was always happening? What did the farmer's wife tell him? What did he say? What happened when the pig got out of its sty? Who joined in the chase? What made them stop? What did they find on coming back to the house? What had happened in the stable? And all this for the want of - - - ?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

fas'tened	flap'ping	stir'ring	wan'dered	fort'night
care'ful	chick'ens	scold'ed	i'ron-ing	in'ju-ry
gen'er-al-ly	re-mained'	poul'try	daugh'ter	six'pen-ny

WRITE :—

<i>poultry</i>	<i>kitchen</i>	<i>injury</i>
<i>ironing</i>	<i>careless</i>	<i>sixpenny</i>
<i>wandered</i>	<i>daughter</i>	<i>fortnight</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

(Continued from page 32.)

bare	The	tore his	leg in such a manner that I
bear	could not	to look at it.	
beach	I have been told that	-trees seldom grow near	
beech	the sea-	.	
bean	I have	looking at the	-stalk ; and it seems to
been	be growing	beautifully.	
bread	These plump chickens were	up on a sort of food	
bred	like rye	.	
by	He will	something for you	next Christmas, and
buy	bring it when he comes.		
eight	The boys and girls	twenty-	pears and
ate	apples at the picnic.		

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Af-fec-tion, love.

Brill-iant, brightly sparkling.

Coun-sel-lor, one who gives advice.

Cu-ri-ous, not often seen ; rare ; nice.

Dis-mal, causing horror ; dark ; gloomy.

Flat-ter-ing, speaking false praise.

Pan-try, a store-room, or press.

Soar-ing, mounting on the wing.

Subt-le, very fine ; cunningly made.

Wily, deceitful ; crafty.

"WILL you walk into my parlour ?" said the spider to the fly ;

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair ;

And I've got many curious* things to show you when you're there."

"Oh no, no," said the little fly ; "to ask me is in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring* up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ?" said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around ; the sheets are fine and thin ;

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in !"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly ; "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed !"

Said the cunning spider to the fly—"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection* I've always felt for you ?

I have within my pantry* good store of all that's nice ;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice ?"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be ;

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise ;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant* are your eyes !

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you please to say ;
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again ;

So he wove a subtle* web in a little corner sly,
 And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
 Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing :
 "Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
 Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your
 head !
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as
 lead !"

Alas ! alas ! how very soon this silly little fly,
 Hearing his wily,* flattering* words, came slowly flitting by.
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue—
 Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing ! At last,
 Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast !
 He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal* den,
 Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again !

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
 To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed ;
 Unto an evil counsellor* close heart and ear and eye,
 And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

MARY HOWITT.

QUESTIONS.—The spider asked the fly to ---- ? He said he would
 show her ---- ? The fly said - ? because those who went there ---- ?
 The spider then asked the fly to ---- ? But the fly said - ? When the
 spider told her that she was very handsome, she promised ---- ? It
 was his - words that made her come ; and then he - ?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

wind'ing	mer'ri-ly	par'lour	think'ing	spi'der
wea'ry	di'a-mond	cur'tains	fool-ish	pret'ty
cun'ning	buz'zing	wel'come	sto'ry	gauz'y
les'son	pret'ti-est	hand'some	pur'ple	mo'ment

WRITE :—

<i>parlour</i>	<i>welcome</i>	<i>brilliant</i>
<i>curtains</i>	<i>affection</i>	<i>flattering</i>
<i>prettiest</i>	<i>handsome</i>	<i>counsellor</i>

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

Book-worm, one who reads a great deal.
Bound-ed, rushed off.

Plead-ed, said in excuse.
Prep-a-ra-tion, learning one's lessons.
Prom-ised to, said that he would.

"I SHALL never find time to learn this tiresome lesson," said Robert to Frank as they left school; "I can't be ready with it to-morrow."

"You have ten minutes now before dinner; why not begin at once?" asked his brother.

"Ten minutes! that's nothing. Besides, I must have a run with Rover now," replied Robert, whistling to his dog.

After dinner, the two boys walked off to school again. Frank took out his book and began to learn. "What a book-worm!" said the other, laughing; and he looked out for birds' nests in the hedge, till they got to the school.

"Come off to cricket!" shouted a party of school-fellows as they broke up from lessons. Robert bounded away with the rest. Frank promised* to follow in a quarter of an hour, and took out his book once more. This done, he played away with the rest, and enjoyed the game heartily.

The boys were tired that evening, and went to bed early. But when they returned to school next day, Frank knew his lesson perfectly, while Robert pleaded* that he had not had time to learn it.

"How did *you* find time, Frank?" asked his master.

"I had ten minutes before dinner yesterday, sir; a quarter of an hour going back to school; and as

much before cricket. Then I looked over my lesson before I went to bed; and took ten minutes before breakfast this morning to make it perfect."

"Which make an hour's preparation," replied his master. "Go to the bottom of the class, Robert; and learn that for those who take care of the minutes, the hours will take care of themselves."

QUESTIONS.—What was Robert's first excuse for not learning his lesson? What did Frank do on his way to school? What did Robert call him? Where did Robert go when lessons were over? What excuse did he make next day for not knowing his lesson? How was he punished? The master told him that "for those who? the hours will?"

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

re-plied'	heart'i-ly	to-mor'-row	shout'-ed	min'-utes
laugh'-ing	crick'-et	whis'-tling	en-joyed'	break'-fast
school'-fel-lows	tire'-some	per'-fect-ly	yes'-ter-day	them-selves'

WRITE:—

<i>tiresome</i>	<i>walked</i>	<i>enjoyed</i>
<i>whistling</i>	<i>shouted</i>	<i>heartily</i>
<i>to-morrow</i>	<i>perfectly</i>	<i>preparation</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

sound	fruits	fear	pow'-er-ty
em-plied'	e-nough'	mas'-ter	con-querer

A good servant makes a good
 Better face a danger than be always in
 Debt is the worst kind of
 Deeds are ; words are but leaves.
 Empty vessels make most
 Poor indeed is he who thinks he never has
 The greatest conqueror is he who himself.
 He is idle who might be better



THE BEGGAR MAN.

Chafed, warmed by rubbing.
 De-scry', find out; see.
 Fag-ot, a log used for fuel; fire-wood.
 Hos-pi-ta-ble, kind to strangers.

Im-plore', beg; ask earnestly.
 In-clem-ent, rough, stormy.
 Mess, a dish of food; a meal.
 Pre-vare', make ready.
 Toil-some, hard to climb.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
 The farmer's rosy children sat;
 The fagot* lent its blazing light,
 And jokes went round, and careless chat;

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
 Low tapping at the bolted door;
 And thus, to gain their willing ear,
 A feeble voice was heard implore:—

“Cold blows the blast across the moor,
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
 Yon toilsome* mountain lies before—
 A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“My eyes are weak and dim with age,
 No road, no path can I descry;*
 And these poor rags ill stand the rage
 Of such a keen, inclement* sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
 No more my palsied frame can bear;
 My freezing heart forgets to beat,
 And drifting snows my tomb prepare.*
 "Open your hospitable* door,
 And shield me from the biting blast:
 Cold, cold it blows across the moor—
 The weary moor that I have passed!"
 With hasty steps the farmer ran,
 And, close beside the fire, they place
 The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
 With shaking limbs and pale-blue race.
 The little children flocking came,
 And chafed* his frozen hands in theirs;
 And busily the good old dame
 A comfortable mess* prepares.
 Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
 And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
 The big round tear was seen to roll,
 Which told the thanks he could not speak.
 The children then began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had done before.—AIKEN.

QUESTIONS.—Who were sitting round the fire? What were they doing? Who came to the door? What did he ask? What did the farmer do? And the children - - - - -? And the good old dame - - - - ? What told the old man's thanks? How did the children feel? Because they had done an act of - ?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

wint'-ry	fee'-ble	pal'-sied	care'-less	kind'-ness
chil'-dren	drear'-y	frees'-ing	moun'-tain	wrink'-led
blaz'-ing	tot'-ter-ing	half-froz'-en	com'-fort-a-ble	slow'-ly

WRITE :—

<i>implore</i>	<i>mountain</i>	<i>kindness</i>
<i>careless</i>	<i>inclement</i>	<i>wrinkled</i>
<i>toilsome</i>	<i>hospitable</i>	<i>comfortable</i>

HALF THE PROFIT.

Am'ply, fully; largely.

Guests, friends asked to the feast.

Occa'sion, event.

Rea-soned with him, tried to make
him change his mind.

Re-ward'ed, paid for his fish as well
as for his cleverness.

Sur-prised' filled with wonder; aston-
ished.

Whim, an odd notion.

A NOBLEMAN, who dwelt in a castle a long way from the sea-shore, was about to hold his marriage-feast. There was plenty of meats, game, and fruit, for the great occasion,* but no fish, as the sea had been very rough.

On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman came to the castle with a large turbot. There was great joy in the house, and the fisherman was brought with his prize into the large room where the nobleman stood in the midst of his guests.*

"A fine fish," said the nobleman. "Fix your own price; you shall be paid at once. How much do you ask?"

"Not a penny, my lord; I will not take money. One hundred lashes on my bare back is the price of my fish! I will not take one lash from the number."

The nobleman and his guests were not a little surprised;* but the fisherman was firm. They reasoned* with him in vain. At length the nobleman said,—

"Well, well, this fellow has a strange whim,* but we must have the fish. So lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been given, "Hold, hold!" cried the fisherman; "I have a partner in this business, and it is right that he should get his share."

"What! are there two such fools in the world?"

said the nobleman. "Where is he to be found? Name him, and he shall be sent for at once."

"You need not go far for him," said the fisherman. "You will find him at your own gate, in the shape of your own porter. He would not let me pass until I promised that he should have half of whatever I should get for my turbot."

"Oh, ho!" said the nobleman, "bring him up at once; he shall certainly receive his half with the strictest justice."

The porter was therefore brought, and had to take his share of the bargain. He was then turned off from the nobleman's service, and the fisherman was amply* rewarded.*

QUESTIONS.—What was wanting for the feast? Who brought one? What price did he ask? When did he cry, "Hold!"? Why? Who was his partner? What had the porter looked for? What did he get? What more was done to him? What was done to the fisherman?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

no'-ble-man	plen'-ty	light'-ly	prom'-ised	jus'-tice
cas'-tle	morn'-ing	pres'-ence	cer'-tain-ly	there'-fore
mar'-riage	tur'-bot	part'-ner	re-ceive'	bar'-gain
fish'-er-man	fel'-low	bus'-iness	strict'-est	ser'-vice

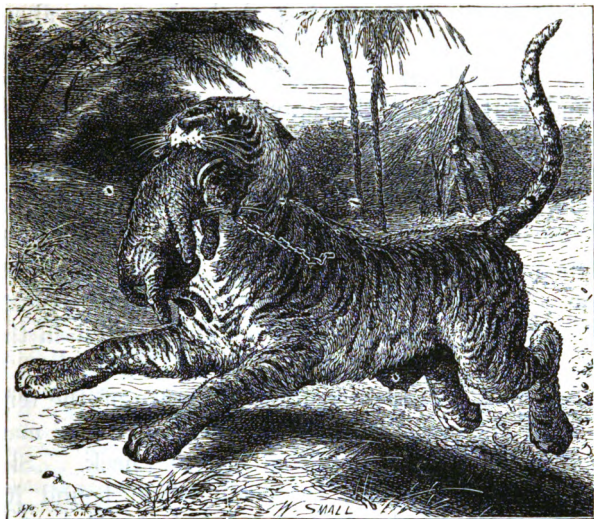
WRITE:—

<i>feast</i>	<i>lashes</i>	<i>world</i>
<i>dwelt</i>	<i>money</i>	<i>certainly</i>
<i>brought</i>	<i>reasoned</i>	<i>rewarded</i>

ROYAL FAVOUR—(Elliptical).

bade	stand	asked
maj'-es-ty	boast'-ed	spok'-en

A FELLOW once that the king had to him; and being what his had said, replied, "He me out of the way."



STORIES OF TIGERS.

PART I.

Juſſi-*gle*, waste land overgrown with
tall grass and brushwood.

Lev-*elled*, aimed.

Pan-*'ic*-struck, struck with great fear.

Pro-vid-*ed*, supplied; furnished.

Quail, to sink with fear.

Tri-*um*ph, joy for her success.

Wail, a cry of distress.

SOME years ago, a number of English officers in India went out to hunt. On their way home after their day's sport, they found in the jungle* a little tiger kitten, not more than a fortnight old.

They took it with them; and when they reached their tent, the little tiger was provided* with a tiny dog-collar and chain, and tied to the tent-pole, round which it played and frisked to the delight of all who saw it.

Just as it was growing dark, however, about two hours after the capture, the people in the tent were checked, in the midst of their mirth, by a sound that caused the bravest heart among them to quail.*

It was the roar of a tiger! In an instant the little kitten became every inch a tiger, and strained at its chain with all its baby strength, while it replied with a loud wail* to the terrible voice outside. The company in the tent were panic-struck,* there was something so sudden and so wild in the roar.

Suddenly there leaped into the centre of the tent a huge tigress! Without noticing a single man there, she caught her kitten by the neck. She snapped, by one jerk, the chain which bound it; and, turning to the tent door, dashed off at full speed. One cannot be sorry that not a gun was levelled* at the brave mother as she bore her young one off in triumph.*

QUESTIONS.—What has the tigress in the picture got in her mouth? Where has she brought it from? How does it come to have a chain hanging from its neck? Who are these at the door of the tent in the distance? Did they fire at the tigress? Why? What is the use of her great whiskers to the tigress? What other animals have whiskers?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

En'-glish	fort'-night	cap'-ture	ter'-ri-ble	de-light'
of-fi-cers	ti'-ny	in'-stant	no'-ti-cing	turn'-ing
kit'-ten	grow'-ing	com'-pa-ny	cen'-tre	sor'-ry

WRITE:—

<i>number</i>	<i>quail</i>	<i>sorry</i>
<i>provided</i>	<i>delight</i>	<i>levelled</i>
<i>fortnight</i>	<i>turning</i>	<i>triumph</i>

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

COMMON THINGS—*Continued from page 34.*

India-rubber.—What is India-rubber? The sap of a tree that grows in South America.

How is it got from the tree? Holes are made in the bark, through which the sap runs into clay cups or shells placed ready to receive it.

What is it like as it comes from the tree? It is white, and hardens in the air.

What is done to it afterwards? It is moulded into bottles of a pear shape, and passed through the smoke of a palm-nut fire.

What is it remarkable for? It is water-proof, and very elastic.

Why is it called Rubber? Because one of its earliest uses was to rub out pencil-marks.

To what other uses is it now put? Coats, shoes, and caps are made of it; as well as combs, trays, and a great many ornaments.

Gutta-percha.—What is Gutta-percha? The sap of a tall tree that grows in the East Indies.

What is it remarkable for? It is tough, easily bent, and water-proof.

What things are made of it? Soles of shoes, water-pipes, speaking-tubes, picture-frames, cups, and many ornaments.

Why is it easily manufactured? Because a very slight heat softens it, and then it may be moulded into any shape.

Why is it used to cover telegraph-cables that pass under the sea? Because it keeps the water out, and because it keeps the electricity in.

Cork.—What is Cork? The outer bark of a kind of oak-tree.

Where does it grow? In Spain, France, Italy, and the north of Africa.

How is it gathered? The whole trunk is skinned of its bark once in every eight or ten years; for if the

inner bark is uninjured, the outer bark grows again.

For what is it remarkable? It is very light, elastic, and proof against most liquids.

What is it used for? For making stoppers of bottles, net-floats, life-buoys, lining of shoes, and many other things.

Sponge.—What is Sponge? The soft skeleton of a sea-animal.

Of what does Sponge consist? Of a great number of tubes, which during the life of the animal are lined with a soft flesh, like jelly.

Where is it found? Chiefly in the Mediterranean; the finest coming from the Grecian Islands in the Archipelago.

How is it obtained? By diving: the natives of these islands are trained to be divers from childhood.

Coral.—What is Coral? A horny or stony substance, formed by little sea-insects on rocks and shoals.

Where is it found? In the Mediterranean and the Pacific Ocean.

What is it like? It has many stems and branches, and looks like groups of bare trees.

What is a Coral-reef? Vast masses of Coral, extending sometimes for hundreds of miles.

What islands were originally Coral-reef? Many of the South Sea Islands.

How is Coral obtained? In the same way as sponge—by diving.

Pearl.—What is Pearl? A hard, shining substance, found in a shell-fish called the pearl-oyster.

Where is the Pearl-oyster found? Plentifully in the seas about the East Indies; also in the Persian Gulf, and in several parts of Europe.

In what parts of Europe? On the coasts and in some rivers of Scotland; and in a river in Bavaria.

How is Pearl-fishing carried on?

Chiefly by diving; in the same way as sponge and coral are obtained.

What is Mother-of-pearl? It is made from the shells of the pearl-oyster.

Glass.—What is Glass made of? Chiefly of sand or flint, and potash or soda, melted together in clay vessels.

Where is the best Sand for Glass-making found? In Norfolk, and in the Isle of Wight.

What are the chief kinds of Glass? Flint-glass, crown-glass, and plate-glass.

For what is Flint-glass used? For making tumblers, wine-glasses, and other articles for domestic use.

How are these articles made into the required form? By blowing through a long tube, and by moulding.

For what is Crown-glass used? Chiefly for windows.

How is it made into sheets? By twirling a mass of the soft glass on the end of a rod rapidly before a furnace.

What is Plate-glass? It is the finest kind of sheet-glass, and is made by pouring the melted glass upon an iron table. The surface is then ground and polished.

What is done to all Glass after it is made, in order to render it less brittle? It is *annealed*, or slowly cooled after being brought to a great heat.

Sealing-wax.—What is Sealing-wax made of? Of a resin called shell-lac, mixed with Venice-turpentine, and some colouring matter, as ivory-black or vermilion.

What is Shell-lac? It is a crust formed on certain-trees in the East Indies by an insect.

What is Venice-turpentine? A thick, sticky substance, which oozes from the larch-tree.

How is Sealing-wax made? When the materials are mixed, they are rolled into rods on a hot marble slab.

Gum-arabic.—What is Gum-arabic? It is a sticky juice, which oozes from the acacia-tree in Arabia, Egypt, &c., and hardens in the air.

Glue.—How is Glue made? By boiling the parings of hides; and the sinews and hoofs of animals, till they turn into a firm jelly, which hardens as it cools.

How is it prepared for use? A pan containing the hard glue and a little water is placed in another pan containing water only; and as the water in the latter heats, the glue melts.

What is Gelatine? It is a fine kind of glue, made from the skins of animals, and used for making sweet jellies.

What is Isinglass? It is a still purer kind of glue, used for the same purposes as gelatine, and made from the sounds of certain fishes.

Soap.—Of what is Soap made? Of fat or oil boiled with soda, which has been mixed with lime.

What is White-soap? Soap made with pure white tallow.

What is it called when scented, and moulded into cakes? Windsor-soap.

Of what is Yellow-soap made? Of resin, and palm-oil instead of tallow.

Of what is Soft-soap made? Of whale or seal oil and tallow, mixed with pearl-ash instead of soda.

Whalebone.—From what is Whalebone obtained? From the Greenland whale.

Is it made from its bones? No; it is found in its upper jaw.

How is it arranged there? In a series of plates or blades, having fringes of coarse fibres.

What purpose do these serve? They form a kind of strainer, to separate the food of the whale from the water which carries the food into its mouth.

What does the Whale feed on? On very small fishes.

Why must it take very small fishes? Because it has a very narrow throat and no teeth.

How is Whalebone manufactured? It is first softened by boiling; then cut into strips: and when it cools it is harder than it was at first.

RED AND BLACK.

Con-tra-dict'ed, spoken against ; op-	Is a-ware', knows.
posed in words.	Sov'er-eign, a gold coin, worth twenty
Ig'no-rance, want of knowledge.	shillings.

"HURRAH for the sea-side!" cried Phil; "what fun I shall have with boating and bathing, and digging away in the sand! But the fishing will be the best fun of all; many a jolly red lobster shall I drag out of the sea!"

"Red lobsters!" cried Bill, with a loud, rude laugh; "you will be clever to catch them! If you had ever seen a lobster, as I have seen many brought in the fishermen's baskets, you would have known that the creatures, with their strong big claws, are pretty nearly *black*."

"None of your nonsense for me!" cried Phil;—"as if I didn't know the look of a lobster, when my aunt has lobster-salad twenty times in the year! The shell is as red as a soldier's coat!"

"As black as a sweep's!" laughed Bill.

Phil was so angry at being thus contradicted,* that he began to look almost as red as a lobster himself. From high words the two boys were almost coming to blows, when, hearing their loud voices, Bill's grandfather drew near.

"Hollo! what's the matter?" said he.

"Grandfather, are not lobsters black?" cried Bill.

"Are they not red?" shouted his friend.

"Ah, my lads," said the old man, "how often it is our own ignorance* that makes us believe that no one knows the truth so well as ourselves! Neither

of you, it seems, is * aware that lobsters are black *until boiled*, and that then their colour is changed.

"I would give Phil a sovereign* for every *red* lobster that he could fish out of the sea, and Bill another for every *black* one that he could eat at the table."

A. L. O. E.

QUESTIONS.—What colour did Phil say lobsters were? What did Bill say? Who heard their loud voices? What did he tell them? What makes us often think that no one knows the truth so well as ourselves?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

lob'ster	grand'fa-ther	ba'thing	sol'dier	a-ware'
sal-ad	shout-ed	crea'tures	be-lieve'	col'our
añ-gry	boat-ing	non'sense	our-selves'	un-til'

WRITE :—

<i>boating</i>	<i>soldier</i>	<i>believe</i>
<i>bathing</i>	<i>nonsense</i>	<i>ourselves</i>
<i>creatures</i>	<i>ignorance</i>	<i>sovereign</i>

THE DAW IN BORROWED FEATHERS.

Bor'-rowed, taken from others.
 Gath'-ered, brought together.
 Gazed, looked in wonder.
 Mis-tak'-en, wrong.
 Mocked, made a fool of.

Poul'-try, fowls kept for food ; domes-
 Pro-voked', made angry. [tic fowls.
 Re-solved', made up his mind.
 Sta-tion, rank, or place in life.
 Strut, to walk proudly.

A NUMBER of jackdaws lived very happily in the tower of an old church. Close at hand was a poultry-yard, belonging to a large house. Among the poultry* lived some peacocks, which were allowed to wander about the garden, and in front of the house, that their beautiful feathers might be seen.

Now one of the jackdaws thought that there was nothing he should like so much as to strut* about

like a peacock, spreading his long tail in the sun, or drawing it up behind him in the shape of a wheel. Then, if he could shake all his feathers at once, and let them down as the peacocks did, while everybody gazed* at him, he thought how proud he should be.

So he resolved* what he would do. He gathered* up the peacocks' cast-off feathers, dressed himself in



them, and began to strut about the poultry-yard, in the hope of passing for a peacock! But he was quite mistaken:* not only peacocks, but turkeys, guinea-fowls, and even chickens and ducks, mocked* him! And, being provoked* by his foolish vanity, they tore the borrowed* feathers from him, pecked him, and drove him out of the yard.

The unhappy jackdaw then wished to return to

his old friends in the church-tower, and would have been glad to lead his former happy life with them. But they would not notice him, and he was obliged to leave them, and lead a life of loneliness and misery.

This fable shows the folly of those who set their hearts on fine clothes, and who try to lead a life above their station.* So long as we keep in the place which God has given us, we are happy, and people honour and respect us; but nothing is so absurd as the vanity which makes us try to seem finer, or richer, than we really are.

QUESTIONS.—What is the little black bird in the front of the picture? What has he got in his tail? Where did he get them? Why did he put them there? What are the other birds in the picture? What are they doing? Why? What is this fable meant to show?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

beau-ti-ful	chick-ens	lon-e-li-ness	re-al-ly	pea-cocks
feath-ers	fool-ish	hon-our	jack-daws	tur-keys
noth-ing	van-i-ty	re-spect'	hap-pi-ly	mis-er-y
spread-ing	re-turn'	ab-surd'	al-low-ed'	un-hap-py

WRITE:—

<i>happily</i>	<i>allowed</i>	<i>turkeys</i>
<i>poultry</i>	<i>peacocks</i>	<i>provoked</i>
<i>jackdaws</i>	<i>gathered</i>	<i>borrowed</i>

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

Ac-cus-tomed, used; in the habit of.
Com-plain', to find fault; grieve.
Cup-board, a shelf or press for keep-
ing food.

Fam-ine, great want of food.
Mi-ser-ly, too anxious about his stores.
Re-pay', pay back.
Star-va-tion, dying from cold or hunger

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed* to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain,* when he found that at home
His cupboard* was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
 On the snow-covered ground ;
 Not a flower could he see,
 Not a leaf on a tree ;—

“ Oh, what will become,” said the cricket, “ of me ? ”

At last, by starvation* and famine* made bold,
 All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
 Away he set off to a miserly* ant,
 To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
 Him shelter from rain,
 And a mouthful of grain.
 He wished only to borrow,
 And repay* it to-morrow :

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket, “ I’m your servant and friend ;
 But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend
 But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
 When the weather was warm ? ” Said the cricket, “ Not I !

My heart was so light
 That I sang day and night,
 For all nature looked gay.”

“ You sang, sir, you say ?

Go, then,” said the ant, “ and dance winter away.”
 Thus ending, he hastily opened the wicket,
 And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.

Though this is a fable, the moral is good :—
If you live without work, you will go without food.

QUESTIONS.—The cricket in winter found that his - ? was empty.
 He was likely to die of - ? So he went to - - ? and asked him to give
 him - ? and lend him - - - ? The ant told him that as he - - ? all
 summer, he must - ? winter away. If you live - - ? you will go - - ?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

ser'-vant	mouth'-ful	shel'-ter	has'-ti-ly	to-mor'-row
drip'-ping	trem'-bling	weath'-er	mor'-al	wick'-et

WRITE :—

<i>cricket</i>	<i>famine</i>	<i>borrow</i>
<i>complain</i>	<i>cupboard</i>	<i>dripping</i>
<i>accustomed</i>	<i>starvation</i>	<i>mouthful</i>



THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

Grasp'ing at, seizing eagerly.
Im-age, likeness.

Pos-sessed', had of his own.
Snatched at, tried to lay hold of.

As a dog was crossing a brook with a bone in his mouth, he saw his own image* in the clear water, and mistook it for another dog carrying another bone. Not content with what he himself possessed,* the greedy creature snatched* at the prize which he saw below. In doing so, he of course dropped the real bone, which fell into the brook and was lost!

The greedy, grasping* at more than they have, often lose even that which they might in peace have enjoyed.

QUESTIONS.—What is the dog in the picture standing on? What is he looking into? What did he see there? What did he think it was?

Something is dropping from his mouth : what is it ? Why did he drop it ? What kind of dog would you call him ? How was he punished ?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

cross'ing	con-tent'	be-low'	mis-took'	do'-ing
car'-ry-ing	him-self'	greed'y	crea'-ture	en-joyed'

WRITE :—

<i>image</i>	<i>content</i>	<i>greedy</i>
<i>mouth</i>	<i>himself</i>	<i>enjoyed</i>
<i>crossing</i>	<i>dropped</i>	<i>grasping</i>

THE AMBITIOUS BOY.

Am-bi'tious, anxious to beat others.	Ne-glect'ing, overlooking.
Am re-solved', have made up my mind.	Prog-ress, advance ; improvement.
Dash-ing, drawing quickly with his pencil.	Sub-stance, the real thing, not the image.
Glo-ri-ous, grand ; splendid.	Term, a division or part of a year spent at school.
Mut-tered, said in a grumbling voice.	

"I NEVER knew before, Cecil, that you were so fond of drawing," said Aunt Sophia, as she looked over the shoulder of her nephew, who was busy with his pencil. "You really have made great progress.*"

"I need to do so," cried Cecil, "if I am to carry off the prize for drawing, as I am * resolved to do this term.*"

"I should have thought," said the aunt, "that you had little chance against Lee. He is an artist's son, and has used the pencil, one might almost say, from his cradle."

"That will double the pleasure of beating him !" cried Cecil, dashing* the bough of a tree into his picture, as if he meant what he said. "I'm work-

ing now at this four hours a day ; he never draws more than two."

"You are not neglecting* your Latin for it, I hope? You have had the Latin prize every term for these three years past," said Aunt Sophia.

"Yes," replied Cecil, with a proud smile ; "there is no boy in our class can match me in that, though Russell is now working hard. But I am not content with *one* prize : I cannot rest till I have won the paint-box for drawing, of which Tom Lee makes so sure. It would be glorious* to beat the son of an artist on his own ground !"

"Take care," said his aunt, gently laying her hand on his shoulder, "that you do not lose the Latin prize, in trying for that which you are not likely to gain. Remember the fable of the dog that dropped the substance,* in catching at the shadow."

On the evening of the day on which the names of the prize-winners were read out, Cecil came home from school gloomy and grave. His looks told his aunt enough to make her spare him the pain of questions ; but his little sister Rosey was not so thoughtful.

"O Cecil," she cried, running eagerly up to him, "tell me, are you to get the two prizes ?"

"No," said Cecil, with a growl.

"Only one," cried the child in a sorrowful tone.

"*Not one*," muttered* the boy. "I was so busy trying to beat Lee, that I could not hold my ground against Russell."

Cecil flung himself on a chair, in so angry a mood that even Rosey did not dare to question him further.

Their aunt silently hoped that the lesson might prove worth the pain which it cost, and that the ambitious* boy might not again need to be reminded of the dog in the fable.

A. L. O. E.

QUESTIONS.—Cecil had always taken the - ? prize. He was now determined to carry off the - - ? as well. He worked hard at his - ? but - ? his Latin. In trying to take - - ? prizes, he lost - ? He was too - ?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

draw'ing	pen'cil	ea'ger-ly	art'ist	si'lent-ly
shoul'der	plea'sure	cra'dle	gloom'y	re-mind'ed
neph'ew	beat'ing	doub'le	try'ing	e-nough'
re'al-ly	sor'row-ful	re-plied'	quest'ion	thought'ful

WRITE:—

<i>nephew</i>	<i>really</i>	<i>bough</i>
<i>drawing</i>	<i>pencil</i>	<i>eagerly</i>
<i>shoulder</i>	<i>pleasure</i>	<i>sorrowful</i>

THE BETTER LAND.

Cor'al strand, shore or beach formed of coral covered with earth, as the South Sea Islands are.	Gleams, shoots forth rays of light.
Fade'less, never-dying.	Hues, colours.
Fire'flies, small beetles, common in South America, which send forth from their bodies a bright light of a greenish yellow colour.	Per-fume', fill with sweet smell.
Fra-grant, sweet-smelling.	Pic'ture, imagine; paint in fancy.
	Ra-di-ant, bright; glittering.
	Re'gion, country; division of the Earth.
	Ru'by, a precious stone of a dark red colour.

"I HEAR thee speak of the Better Land,
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;
 Mother, oh! where is that radiant* shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies* glance through the myrtle boughs?"
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands on glittering seas,
Where fragrant* forests perfume* the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues* of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region* old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
Where the burning rays of the ruby* shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams* forth from the coral* strand;
Is it there, sweet mother, that Better Land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!—

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture* a world so fair:
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless* bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

bet'-ter	or'-ange	isl'-ands	star'-ry	di'-a-mond
chil'-dren	myr'-tle	glit'-ter-ing	glo'-ri-ous	gen'-tle
moth'-er	feath'-er-y	for'-ests	riv'-ers	en'-ter

WRITE:—

<i>breeze</i>	<i>beyond</i>	<i>myrtle</i>
<i>boughs</i>	<i>breathe</i>	<i>glorious</i>
<i>strange</i>	<i>fadeless</i>	<i>diamond</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

labour say late

Better to do well than to . . . well.
It is never too . . . to learn.
Idle people have the most

THE ENGLISH GIRL AND HER AYAH.

At-tract'-ed, taken ; held ; engaged.

A'-yah, native Indian nurse.

Fawn, a young deer.

Jung'-gle, waste land overgrown with tall grass and brushwood.

Mor'-tal-ly, so as to cause death.

A LITTLE English girl in India was one day playing outside her father's tent, near the edge of a jungle.* Her attention was attracted* by a beautiful little fawn,* that seemed too young to run about, and which stood timidly gazing at the child with its soft, dark eyes.

The girl moved towards it ; but the fawn started back, with a frightened look, and fled. The child gave chase ; but the fawn was soon hid among the tall reeds and grass of the jungle.

When the girl's ayah* missed her charge, she quickly hurried after her. But, so eager had the child been in chasing the fawn, that she was some distance from the tent before the ayah overtook her. Catching up the girl in her arms, she tried to return ; but the grass and reeds around grew so high that she could scarcely see two yards before her.

She walked some steps with the little girl in her arms ; then stopped, and looked round with a frightened air. "We are lost!" cried the poor Hindoo, "lost in the dreadful jungle!"

"Do not be so frightened, Motee," said the fair-haired English girl ; "God can save us, and show us the way back."

The little child could feel, as the Hindoo could not, that, even in that lonely jungle, a great and

loving Friend was beside her. Again the ayah tried to find her way ; again she paused in alarm.

What was that sound, like a growl, that startled her, and made her sink on the ground in terror, clasping the little girl all the closer in her arms ? Both turned to gaze in the direction from which that dreadful sound had come.



What was their horror on beholding the striped head of a Bengal tiger above the waving grass ! The ayah uttered a terrified scream ; and the little girl cried to God to save her. It seemed like the instant answer to that cry, when the sharp report of a rifle rang through the thicket, quickly followed by a second ; and the tiger, mortally wounded, lay rolling and struggling on the earth !

Edith, for that was the girl's name, saw nothing of what followed. Senseless with terror, she lay in the arms of her trembling ayah.

It was her father whom Providence had sent to the rescue. Lifting his little girl in his arms, he bore her back to the tent; leaving his servants, who had followed in his steps, to bring in the dead tiger.

A. L. O. E.

QUESTIONS.—Where are the nurse and girl in the picture? What is an Indian nurse called? How do they happen to be there? Why have they stopped? What animal is that coming near them? What did the girl do when she saw it? How were they saved from it?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

play-ing	to-wards	catch-ing	Hin-doo	ter-ri-fied
at-ten-tion	fright-ened	scarce-ly	di-rec-tion	strug-gling
beau-ti-ful	hur-ried	dread-ful	hor-ror	trem-bling
tim-id-ly	quick-ly	star-tled	Ben-gal'	Prov-i-dence

WRITE :—

<i>timidly</i>	<i>uttered</i>	<i>mortally</i>
<i>hurried</i>	<i>terrified</i>	<i>struggling</i>
<i>attracted</i>	<i>direction</i>	<i>Providence</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

reap	wealth	lit-tle
sow	leap	dan-ger

Look before you

Lost time is never again.

Little, little care.

Promise, but do much.

Sow well, ... well.

Out of debt, out of

STORIES OF TIGERS.

PART II.

Couched, lying, with the head raised.

Eu-ro-pe-ans, natives of Europe.

Fa-kirs' (fa-keers'), begging monks.

Prowl, rove about in search of prey.

Reared, brought up.

With-drew', drew back or away.

WHEN taken young, the tiger can be tamed. The fakirs,* a class of people in India who are in the habit of going about begging, often lead with them tame tigers and leopards; but they are dangerous pets.

A story is told of a gentleman in India, who nearly lost his life by a tame tiger which he had reared.*

He was sitting one evening outside his tent reading, with his pet couched* down beside him. One hand hung by his side, while the other held his book.

The tiger began to lick his hand, and went on doing so for some time. A low growl made the gentleman turn his head and look down. He saw that his hand was covered with blood!

In a moment he knew that the wild nature of the animal had awakened, and that if he withdrew* his hand, the tiger would at once spring upon him. Calling to his servant, whom he saw at a little distance, he told him to fetch a loaded gun, and shoot the tiger dead on the spot.

He then sat quite still, allowing him to growl and to lick the blood at his pleasure. We may feel sure that the moments seemed very long to him. Speedily, however, the servant came near with the



gun, very quietly, so as not to disturb the animal; took a steady aim, and shot him through the heart!

The general way of hunting the tiger is with elephants. Though the horse can be made to face a lion, he will seldom face a tiger. The elephant, on the other hand, stands steadily, while his rider takes aim just before the tiger makes his spring.

The Hindoos rarely hunt the tiger, or even fire on him. They let him prowling* about their houses, and carry away their cattle, and even their children! But wherever Europeans* go, they strive to rid the country of such dangerous animals.

Sometimes the tiger, when hunted, springs upon the elephant, and fastens his teeth and claws in his neck or shoulder. The latter tries to kneel on his enemy, so as to crush him by the weight of his great legs and heavy body.

Sometimes they both roll on the ground, and a fearful struggle follows; generally, however, ending in the death of the tiger, either from the strength of the elephant, or by a bullet from the hunter's rifle.

QUESTIONS.--Who often lead about tame tigers? What kind of tiger is that in the picture? What is it doing? What is the servant going to do? Why? How is the tiger generally hunted? What does it sometimes do? How does the struggle usually end?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

In'-dian	a-wak'-ened	mo'-ments	an'-i-mals	gen'-er-al-ly
leop'-ards	ser'-vant	qui'-et-ly	fast'-en	how-ev'-er
dan'-ger-ous	load'-ed	dis-turb'	shoul-der	bul'-let
eve'-ning	al-low'-ing	el'-e-phants	strug'-gle	hunt'-er s
cov'-ered	pleas'-ure	stead'-i-ly	fol'-lows	ri'-fle

WRITE:—

<i>young</i>	<i>kneel</i>	<i>fearful</i>
<i>beside</i>	<i>disturb</i>	<i>however</i>
<i>reading</i>	<i>children</i>	<i>strength</i>

HOUSES MADE OF SNOW.

Drift'-ed, driven along.
Drip, to fall in drops; to melt.
E-scape', get away.

Es'-qui-maux (eskemo'), North American Indians of the Frozen Zone.
Res'-i-dence, dwelling-place; house.

ALL the winter, the Esquimaux* live in huts made of snow. These huts are very clean and white when they are new, but they soon turn dirty; and when the summer comes they begin to melt.

Sometimes the Esquimaux find logs of wood on

the shore, which have been drifted* by the waves from some other country; and these they gather, and build their huts with them.

When they cannot get wood, they use the pure white snow. It is frozen so hard that it keeps firm all through the winter. Sometimes, when the hut becomes very warm with the lamps, and the people, and the dogs, the walls begin to drip* a little; but a piece of fresh snow rubbed over the place soon mends it.

The windows of these huts are not made of glass, but of ice.

Though there is no fire in the hut, it is as warm as the Esquimaux can bear it. He warms it with his lamp; which is nothing but a vessel like a saucer, full of oil. A great many little wicks float on the oil, and he lights them all. The burning wicks make the room warm. A cooking-pot hangs over the lamp; but he often eats his meat raw.

He has no chairs or tables, for he does not know how to make them; but there is a raised ledge all round the hut, covered with warm skins. This is his seat during the day, and his bed at night. But under the skins there is nothing but snow.

When the warm weather comes, the Esquimaux is glad to get away from the snow hut. Its walls begin to melt, and he gets wet as he lies in bed, and often catches cold. He is therefore very glad to escape* from it to his tent, which forms his summer residence.*

QUESTIONS.—How do the Esquimaux sometimes get wood to build with? What do they use when they cannot get wood? How long does one of these houses last? How do they mend the walls when they

get out of repair? What are the windows made of? How is the house warmed? What kind of bed does it contain? Where do the Esquimaux live in summer?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

win'ter	peo'ple	noth'ing	weath'er	oft'en
sum'mer	froz'en	ves'sel	catch'es	cov'ered
dirt'y	be-gin'	sau'cer	there'fore	dur'ing
some'times	win'dows	burn'ing	cook'ing	there'fore

WRITE :—

<i>winter</i>	<i>saucer</i>	<i>burning</i>
<i>drifted</i>	<i>frozen</i>	<i>residence</i>
<i>windows</i>	<i>covered</i>	<i>Esquimaux</i>

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

Droop'ing, hanging downward.
Glade, an open space in a wood.
In vain, without success.

Thou'lt, thou wilt.
Vine, the grape tree.
Wan-der-ings, walks; rambles.

"OH! call my brother back to me!

I cannot play alone;

The summer comes with flower and bee—

Where is my brother gone?

The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed

Around our garden tree;

Our vine* is drooping* with its load—

Oh! call him back to me!"—

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child!

He may not come to thee:

The face that once like summer smiled,

On Earth no more thou'lt* see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,

Such unto him was given;

So—thou must play alone, my boy!

Thy brother is in Heaven."—

"And has he left his birds and flowers?

And must I call in* vain?

And through the long, long summer hours,

Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade*
 Are all our wanderings* o'er?
 Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

MRS. HEMANS.

QUESTIONS.—The child did not know that his brother was - ? He wanted his mother to - - - ? But his mother told him that his - was - - ? The child then was sorry that he had not - - - ? when he was alive.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

broth'er	a-lone'	gar'den	a-round'	heav'en
can't-not	flow'ers	sum'mer	giv'en	a-gain'.

WRITE:—

<i>brief</i>	<i>smiled</i>	<i>voice</i>
<i>sowed</i>	<i>heaven</i>	<i>through</i>
<i>summer</i>	<i>brother</i>	<i>drooping</i>

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

Ap'pe-tite, wish for food.

Com'pli-ment, act of respect; favour.

Con-sist'ed, was made up.

Gen'er-ous, noble; liberal.

Has'tened, went quickly.

Mince, meat chopped very small.

Re-tired', went off.

Rey'nard, a name given to the fox.

A FOX asked a stork to dinner, with the naughty purpose of playing a trick on his guest.

The stork came at the hour fixed, with a good appetite* for her meal. But little pleased was she on finding that it consisted* of mince,* served up in a dish so shallow that she could scarcely, with her long slender bill, pick up enough to satisfy a sparrow! The fox lapped up the food readily enough, only stopping a moment to say, "I hope, madam, that you like your feast? Don't you think that my mince is first-rate?"

The stork made no reply, but retired,* hungry and much displeased, from the almost untasted meal.

A few days afterwards the stork returned the compliment* by asking the fox to dinner.

Reynard* hastened* to the place of meeting, where the stork had made ready her meal. Great was the disgust of the fox to behold the food served up in a



long-necked jar, which let in the stork's slender bill, but into which he could not thrust even his pointed nose!

"I hope, sir, that you like your feast?" said the stork, who was not generous* enough to return good for evil, and who wished to give Reynard a lesson. And as the hungry fox looked sadly up into her face, she added, "Those who cannot take a joke in

good part should never make one. Never do to others, what you would not like them to do to yourself."

QUESTIONS.—Why did the fox ask the stork to dinner? What did he put before her? What sort of dish was it in? What did the fox ask the stork while he was eating? How did the stork return the compliment? What is the picture about? Those who cannot - ? a joke should never - ? one.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

naught'y	alen'der	stop'ping	dis-pleas'd	dis-gust'
pur'pose	e-nough'	mo'ment	un-tast'ed	les'son
play'ing	sat'is-fy	mad'am	af'ter-wards	point'ed
shal'low	spar'row	re-ply'	re-turned'	be-hold'
scarce'ly	read'i-ly	hun'gry	meet'ing	your-self'

WRITE:—

<i>feast</i>	<i>reply</i>	<i>disgust</i>
<i>returned</i>	<i>enough</i>	<i>yourself</i>
<i>hastened</i>	<i>sparrow</i>	<i>afterwards</i>

THE OSTRICH.

As-sumed', taken to himself.	Ni'-ger, a great river in Africa.
Crest, the ornament for the top of a helmet.	Pad'-dles, broad, short oars, used in pushing boats forward.
Dis-guised', hidden by a false dress; concealed.	Prey, what is hunted; booty.
Fu'-ri-ous-ly, with great anger.	Re-lates', tells a story.
Mim'-ics, does the same things as; imitates.	Scorn'-eth, thinks little of; despises.
	Zig-zag, with short turns; from side to side.

THE humming-bird is the smallest, and the ostrich the largest of birds. There are humming-birds no larger than bees, while the ostrich is often ten feet in height, from the crown of the head to the ground.

The home of the ostrich is in the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia. Among the Arabs, it is called the *camel bird*, from the form of its neck and body.

Like the camel, it dwells in the desert, and can live a long time without water.

Though the ostrich has wings, they are too small for it to fly with ; but in running, it uses them like paddles.* Spreading them out, and flapping them in the air, it runs along with great speed. The swiftest horse cannot keep up with it ! As is said in the Bible, "*She lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth* the horse and his rider.*"

The nest of the ostrich is simply a hole in the sand ; and there the female bird lays ten or twelve large eggs. She watches her nest very closely, always sitting on her eggs at night, and leaving them only during the hottest part of the day.

The eggs are prepared for food in various ways ; and some people are very fond of them. The shells also are made into cups and ornaments of different kinds.

The ostrich is often hunted on horseback ; but so rapid is its flight, that the hunters would seldom succeed in catching it, if they did not know that it never runs in an even course, but zig-zag.* So they let it go winding and doubling about, while they themselves push straight forward, thus saving time and keeping up with it.

The chase sometimes lasts two or three days, till the poor bird is tired out ; for though swift, it is not so strong as a horse. When taken, it will turn round upon the hunters, and attack them furiously,* till it is brought down.

Mr. Moffat, in his book called *Missionary Labours in South Africa*, describes the method of the wild Bushmen in hunting the ostrich :—A native is

dressed with the skin and feathers of one of these birds ; and, thus disguised,* he goes near to a flock of ostriches. He mimics* the real bird, by pecking on the ground, and shaking his feathers. He trots and walks along, until he gets within bow-shot. Then he shoots a poisoned arrow at one of the flock, and generally succeeds in taking his prey.*

A traveller relates* that, at a French factory on the river Niger,* he once saw a young ostrich so



tame, that it let a little black boy mount on its back. No sooner did it feel the weight of the boy than it set off. At first it moved at a sharp trot, and then it stretched out its wings, and ran with the fleetness of a race-horse round the village!

The ostrich is chiefly valued for the beautiful

white feathers of its wings and tail. The young reader may not know that the crest* of the Prince of Wales is formed of three ostrich feathers, with a motto meaning "I serve." The origin of this is said to have been as follows:—The King of Bohemia, who was slain at the battle of Crécy in the year 1346, wore this crest and motto. These were assumed* by his conqueror, Edward, Prince of Wales, known as the Black Prince, and have been worn ever since by the heir to the British crown.

QUESTIONS.—Where is the home of the ostrich? What four-footed animal is it like? Why? What is said about the ostrich in the Bible? How do horsemen run down the ostrich? How do the wild Bushmen hunt the ostrich? What is the story of the ostrich in the picture? For what is the ostrich chiefly valued? Whose crest is formed of three ostrich feathers?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

spread'ing	small'est	run'ning	sel'dom	fac'to-ry
wind'ing	larg'est	flap'ping	suc'ceed'	mot'to
mis'sion-a-ry	os'trich	swift'est	catch'ing	Bo-he-mi-a
poi'soned	des'ert	lift'eth	doub'ling	Crécy
chief'ly	Af-ri-ca	horse'back	for'ward	Ed'ward
con'quer-or	A-ra'bi-a	rap'id	Bush'men	Brit'ish

WRITE:—

<i>village</i>	<i>chiefly</i>	<i>valued</i>
<i>spreading</i>	<i>poisoned</i>	<i>assumed</i>
<i>missionary</i>	<i>disguised</i>	<i>conqueror</i>

A SHARP QUESTION—(Elliptical).

point'ing tried end no-to'ri-ous point'ed

JEFFREYS, a judge in the time of Charles I.,
 with his cane to a man who was about to be ,
 said—"There is a great rogue at the end of my cane."

The man at inquired, "At which . . . , my lord?"

DON'T BE TOO SURE.

Boast'-ful, fond of self-praise.

Cel'e-brate, to make famous ; to keep in mind.

Con-tin'-ued, went on.

Ex-claimed', called out.

Fa'mous, much talked of ; noted.

Grate'-ful, full of thanks.

In-ter-rupt'-ed, broke in.

In-va'-sion, marching into another country as an enemy.

In-vin'-ci-ble, not to be conquered.

Port-u-guese, the people of Portugal.

Print, a picture ; likeness.

Tempt'-ed, led ; inclined.

The Chan-nel, the narrow sea between France and England.

"FATHER, don't you want me to be clever and great?" said Willie to his father one day.

"I want you, my boy, to do your duty in the station, whatever it may be, to which it will please God to call you; and not to set your heart on any mere earthly success, or make too sure of anything.

"When I see folk, as the saying goes, counting their chickens before they are hatched, it brings into my mind what I read lately about the famous* Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Oh, let me hear about him, father. You can talk quite well at your work, and I like to hear what you get out of those learned books that you read."

"This was taken out of a large book, written by an Earl—the Life of the great William Pitt," said the father; "and it is all true—I have not a doubt of it.

"When Bonaparte was ruling over France, he wished to rule over Old England too; and so, being sure of conquest, he fixed on the very time when he would come over and invade us.

"He got a number of his soldiers together, and had ships ready to carry them across. He looked

over the blue waves of the* Channel, and, thought he, 'I'll soon land in England, march up to London, and take it.'"

"He made too sure," laughed Willie.

"He made *so* sure," said the father, "that—would you believe it, my boy?—he had actually *a medal made to celebrate* his invasion* of England!*"

"But he never invaded it!" interrupted* Willie.

"And on the medal was stamped in French, '*Struck at London,*'" continued* the father.

"But he never entered London!" cried Willie.

"He made *so sure* of success," said the father, "that he prepared a medal in honour of the conquest of a city, that he was never so much as to set his foot in!"

"Well, that *was* counting his chickens before they were hatched!" exclaimed* the boy. "That *was* making too sure! How ashamed Bonaparte must afterwards have felt, whenever he thought of that medal!—Have you any more stories for me, father?"

"Yes; I remember another, which I read some time ago," replied the father. "It's about a very different man from him who struck the medal;—it's about the Duke of Wellington—"

"Who beat Napoleon Bonaparte himself at the battle of Waterloo!" cried Willie. "I hope that *he* hadn't his medal ready beforehand?"

"You know, or perhaps you don't know, my lad, that Wellington was sent over to Portugal, to help the poor folk there who were fighting against the

French. God gave wisdom to our great general, and success to a good cause. So the enemy's soldiers were driven out, and Portugal was free!"

"How glad the Portuguese* must have been," cried Willie; "and how they must have honoured our Duke! That was the time for striking a medal—when the battle had been fought and won."

"I don't know whether a medal was struck," said the father; "but I'll tell you what the Portuguese did. They had a print* made of the general, and under it were these words, in Latin, '*Invincible Wellington, from grateful Portugal.*'"

"Oh, that was making *too sure*! The Duke might have won a hundred battles, but as long as he lived, no one could tell that he might not be beaten at last."

"Just hear the end of my story, my boy, and you'll see that the Duke was quite of your mind in that matter. A friend asked him to send him the print; so Wellington got a copy, and sent it.

"But he would not allow that boastful word to be at the bottom of his likeness, as if he thought himself sure of victory. He scored out '*invincible*' with a dash of his pen, and underneath it he wrote, '*Don't halloo till you are out of the wood.*'"

Willie burst out laughing. "That showed the Duke's good sense," said he.

"Ay, and good feeling too, my boy. It showed that he was not a man of a boastful* spirit, but knew that the highest may have a fall. When you are tempted,* Willie, to make too sure of the

morrow, just think of Bonaparte and his medal—
of Wellington and his print.”

A. L. O. E.

QUESTIONS.—How did Bonaparte make too sure of success? What was stamped on the medal? What did the Portuguese put under the print of Wellington? What word did the Duke score out? What did he write in its place? This showed that he was not a man of a - - ?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

con-quest	un-der-neath	chick-ens	be-fore-hand	gen-er-al
ac-tu-al-ly	earth-ly	Na-pol-eon	fight-ing	bat-tles
pre-pared	suc-cess	Bon-a-parte	wis-dom	like-ness
Wa-ter-loo	count-ing	en-tered	Wel-ling-ton	laugh-ing

WRITE :—

<i>Channel</i>	<i>invasion</i>	<i>Waterloo</i>
<i>conquest</i>	<i>prepared</i>	<i>invincible</i>
<i>celebrate</i>	<i>continued</i>	<i>underneath</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

(Continued from page 52.)

feet In performing the of jumping a fence five
feat high, he hurt one of his .

forth On the of June we went to meet them ;
fourth and all returned together.

grown Why do you so? You have very stout,
groan and seem hardly able to walk.

hear Standing do you what he says? Oh, yes ;
here I very well.

hymn I heard sing a beautiful ; and after a little I
him was able to sing it with .

hair He caught a , by a net made of horse , in the
hare field behind the wood.

know I am sure person that I will do it so well as your-
no self. I don't that. I have wish to do it.



BUDS.

Pre-ced'-ing, going before.
Prec'-ious, very valuable.

Pro-TECT', shelter, or guard.
Treas'-ures, gathered wealth ; riches.

LEAVES as well as flowers come from buds. The bud swells, the leaves push out, the flower forms, and then comes the fruit.

The buds of trees have brown scales over them. These scales shelter the tender bud from the cold of winter and early spring. They are glued tightly together by a sticky substance, and thus form a close little case for the bud, to protect* it from the sharp air. When the weather becomes warm enough, the swelling bud pushes the scales apart ; and when the leaves are out, these scales drop off, because there is no more use for them.

In cold countries, the buds are always protected in this way, by a covering. The buds that we see in spring are not formed in the same year in which they appear. They are formed in the preceding* year, a little while before the leaves begin to fall ; and as they form, they loosen the old leaves, and soon push them off.

Now in these little buds are locked up all the leaves and flowers that are to come out next spring. The precious* treasures* of another year are there, and they must be kept safe through the winter ; and therefore they have coverings to guard them from the cold.

These coverings have been called by some one "the winter cradle of the buds ;" and a very good name it is. The little buds in their cradles rock to

and fro in the cold winds of winter, and are as safe from harm as the baby in its cradle.

The inside of these cradles is lined with soft down. This is the bud's little blanket, to keep it warm. In warm countries, the buds have not these "winter cradles." They do not need them there. The buds of the orange-tree and the lemon-tree have no coverings. There is no cold air for them to fear; and to put warm coverings on them would do harm instead of good.

QUESTIONS.—When are the buds that we see in spring formed? How are they protected from the cold air? What have these coverings been called? What forms the bud's blanket? Why have the buds of the orange-tree no such coverings?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

ten'-der	sub'-stance	be-cause	or'-ange	ear'-ly
winter	weath'-er	cov'-er-ing	lem'-on	swell'-ing
tight'-ly	an-oth'-er	cra'-dles	in'-stead'	coun'-tries
to-geth'-er	be-comes'	win'-try	loos'-en	be-gin'
stick'-y	a-part'	blank'-et	flow'-ers	al'-ways

WRITE :—

<i>leaves</i>	<i>loosen</i>	<i>orange</i>
<i>scales</i>	<i>protect</i>	<i>substance</i>
<i>brown</i>	<i>covering</i>	<i>preceding</i>

TRUTH AND FICTION—(Elliptical).

ran	wild	noth'-ing
friends	ad-ven-tures	sur-prise'

A TRAVELLER, relating his to some friends, told them that he and his servant had once made fifty Arabs run. His stared in ; but he told them that there was wonderful in it after all. "For," said he, "we . . . , and they . . . after us!"

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

The Table. — Name three kinds of Wood much used for making Tables? Pine, birch, and mahogany.

Where do the best kinds of Pine grow? In Canada, Norway, and Russia.

Where does Birch come from? From the northern countries of Europe, Asia, and America.

Where does Mahogany come from? From America and the West Indies; chiefly from the countries round the Gulf of Mexico.

The Table-cloth. — Of what are Table-cloths generally made? Of linen. (See Lesson on LINEN, p. 33.)

The Cups and Saucers. — Of what are the Cups and Saucers made? Of clay, and other kinds of earth, mixed with powdered flint and water. They are called earthenware.

What is a man called who works in Earthenware? A Potter.

What is done with the Cup or Saucer after he has shaped it? It is baked in an oven, glazed, and baked again.

Where is the best English Earthenware made? At "the Potteries," a district including Staffordshire and Warwickshire.

What is the finest Earthenware called? China, because it first came from China, in Asia.

Where is very fine China now made in Europe? In Saxony (a country in Germany) and in France.

The Spoons. — Of what are Spoons made? Of iron, of mixed metal, and sometimes of silver. (See Lesson on METALS, p. 126.)

The Knives and Forks. — Of what are Knives and Forks made? Of steel and other metals. (See p. 127.)

The Handles. — Of what are the

Handles of knives and forks made? Of bone or ivory.

From what is Bone got? From the horns of the cow and the buffalo, and sometimes of the stag.

How is Horn worked? It is softened by heat, and pressed or moulded into the required shape.

What is Ivory? It is the tusk of the elephant or the walrus.

For what is it remarkable? It is hard and solid, of a beautiful white colour, and it takes on a high polish.

How is it worked? It is cut with sharp tools, and turned in the lathe.

Where does the purest Ivory come from? From the Cape of Good Hope; and from Ceylon, an island to the south of India.

Bread. — What are the Loaves and Rolls made of? Of wheat flour.

How is Bread made? The flour is mixed with water, and then yeast is added to make it rise.

How does the Yeast make it rise? It forms a kind of gas, which forces its way through the dough in all directions, and so swells it out.

What is done after this? The dough is cut in pieces, and baked in the oven.

Where does Wheat grow? In almost all countries; but it is not known where it first came from.

Does Great Britain grow enough of Wheat for its own use? No: it grows a great deal, but large quantities are imported from Russia, the United States, and other countries.

Of what other Grains is Bread sometimes made? Of barley and oatmeal.

What other Food is made of Oatmeal? A thick pudding called porridge, which is said to be very strength-giving.

Where is it very much used? In Scotland it is the usual breakfast of children, and of those who do hard work.

Tea.—What is Tea? It is the dried leaf of a plant which grows in China, India, and other Eastern countries.

What kind of plant is the Tea-plant? It is an evergreen plant, with flowers not unlike those of the white wild-rose. (See p. 12.)

When was Tea first brought to England? About two hundred years ago.

How can you give an idea of the amount of Tea consumed in Great Britain in a year? If all the chests of tea consumed in the British Islands in a year were ranged in a line, they would stretch from the north to the south of Scotland—nearly three hundred miles!

Coffee.—From what is Coffee made? From the berries of an evergreen shrub about ten or twelve feet high.

What are the Berries like? They are about the size of a cherry; and each contains two kernels, called coffee-beans.

How are the Beans prepared? They are dried and roasted, and then ground into the powder which we call coffee.

Where does Coffee come from? The best coffee comes from Mocha, in Arabia; but a great deal comes also from the West Indies and from Brazil.

Cocoa.—From what is Cocoa made? From the oily seeds of the cacao, a shrub which grows in the West Indies and many parts of South America.

What else is made from these Seeds? Mixed with sugar and spices, they make a sweet paste called chocolate.

Sugar.—From what is Sugar made? It is made chiefly from the juice of the sugar-cane.

Whence does it come? From the East and West Indies, and from Brazil.

How is it made? The stems are crushed, to get the juice out of them; the juice is then cleared, boiled till it forms into crystals, and strained.

What is the liquid part strained from the sugar called? Molasses, or treacle.

What else is Sugar made from? From the maple-tree, from beet-root, and from the date-palm.

Milk and Butter.—What is the place called where Milk is kept after it comes from the cow? The dairy.

What forms on the surface of the Milk when it stands for some time? A thick, oily liquid, called cream.

How is Butter made? By putting cream in a churn, and stirring it violently, it is separated into butter and butter-milk.

What is Cheese? It is the curd of milk, salted, pressed, and dried.

How is the Curd formed? By putting a liquid called rennet in milk, it is made to turn sour, and to separate into a thick mass called curd, and a thin liquid called whey.

What kinds of Milk are used for food besides cow's milk? Goat's milk in Switzerland, reindeer's in Lapland, camel's in Arabia, and mare's in Tartary. We also make cheese of ewe-milk; and give ass's-milk to invalids.

Eggs.—What kinds of Eggs are commonly used for food? Chiefly those of the common hen; sometimes also those of ducks and turkeys.

Do the British Isles supply themselves with Eggs? Not entirely. They produce great quantities, but millions are imported every year from France. England and Scotland also get large supplies of eggs from Ireland.

Salt.—Where is Salt obtained? Either from mines (Rock salt) or from salt water (Bay salt).

Where are the greatest Salt-mines? In Poland; but there are very large ones also at Northwich, in Cheshire.

How is Salt made from sea water? The water is boiled till it all goes off in steam, leaving only the salt behind.

Is Rock-salt used just as it comes from the mine? Not always: the Cheshire salt is first melted in sea water, and then prepared in the same way as Bay salt.

Why do we use Salt with our food? If we took our food without it, we should become very unhealthy.

For what do we use it, besides for seasoning food? For preserving meat.



THE DUKE AND THE COW-BOY.

As-sem'-bled, brought together.
 But'-ler, a servant who has charge of
 wine and plate; a chief servant.
 Char'-ac-ter, good name.
 De-ceit', cunning.
 Dis-tress', great pain, or sorrow.

Man'-age, keep in order.
 Pol'-i-cy, rule to act by.
 Sov'-er-eign (sov'-er-in), a gold coin,
 worth twenty shillings.
 Trudged, walked slowly.
 Un-ru'-ly, wild; not easily led.

A SCOTCH nobleman, who was very fond of farming, had bought a cow, from a gentleman who lived near him. The cow was to be sent home next morning. Early in the morning, as the duke was taking a walk, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his house. The cow was very unruly,* and the poor boy could not manage* her at all.

The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, "Hallo, man! come here and help me with

this beast." The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress,* "Come here, man, and help me, and I'll give you half of whatever I get."

The duke went, and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged* along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I don't know," said the boy; "but I am sure of something, for the folk up at the big house are good to everybody."

On coming to a lane near the house, the duke slipped away from the boy, and reached home by a different road. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign* into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane, where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy; "and there's half of it to you."

"But surely you got more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy; "that is all I got; and I think it quite enough."

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be something wrong; and as I am a friend of the duke, if you return, I think I'll see that you get more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.*

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that man there," said he, pointing to the butler.*

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service at once. "You have lost," said the duke, "both your place and your character,* by your deceit.* Learn for the future that honesty is the best policy.*"

The boy now found out who it was that had helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school, and paid for him out of his own pocket.

QUESTIONS.—What is the boy in the picture doing? Who is that standing near him? What did the boy promise him? Did he help him? How much did the boy give him afterwards? Who had cheated the boy? How was he punished? How was the boy treated?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

try'ing	point'ing	shil'ling	tak'ing	some'thing
ev'er-y-bod-y	con-fessed'	man'li-ness	hal-lo'	pock-et
dif-fer-ent	for-giv'en	hon'es-ty	slow-ly	ser'vice
e-nough'	no'ble-man	farm'ing	no'tice	per'son
ser'vants	gen'tle-man	morn'ing	re-turned'	or'dered

WRITE :—

<i>knowing</i>	<i>shilling</i>	<i>butler</i>
<i>nobleman</i>	<i>sovereign</i>	<i>honesty</i>
<i>gentleman</i>	<i>assembled</i>	<i>manliness</i>

STORIES OF DOGS.

Ap-proach', go near.

As-sail'-ant, one who attacks another.

Con-tained', had in it.

Con-tents, what it had in it. [gland.

Dor'-set, a county in the south of En-

Er'-rand, what he was sent to do; mes-
sage.

Ful-fil', carry out ; do.

Min-ster, a large church.

Pro-ceed-ed, went on.

SOME years ago, a fine dog, called Neptune, was kept at an inn in Wimborne, in the county of Dorset.* His fame spread far and wide.

Every morning, as the clock of the minster*



struck eight, he might be seen, with a basket in his mouth, going to the baker's for bread. The basket contained* money to buy the bread ; and Neptune, day after day, carried it safely across the street to the baker's shop.

The baker took the money, and placed the right number of rolls in the basket. With these, Neptune hastened back to the kitchen of the inn, and there laid down his trust. It is said that he never tried to take the basket, or even to approach* it, on Sunday mornings, when no rolls could be got.

On one occasion, when returning with the rolls, another dog made an attack upon the basket, for the purpose of stealing its contents.* On this, the trusty fellow, placing it on the ground, began to fight with his assailant.* He severely punished him, and then bore off his charge in triumph!

Two gentlemen, brothers, were one day out shooting wild-fowl. They had with them a noble Newfoundland dog.

Having thrown down their hats on the grass, they crept through some reeds to the river's bank. After firing at the birds, they proceeded* some way down by the side of the stream.

At length they began to wish for their hats. Calling the dog, they sent him back for them; and away he went to fulfil* the errand.*

When he reached the place, he made several attempts to bring both hats together in his mouth at once. Finding great difficulty in this, he at last noticed that one of the hats was smaller than the other. Placing the smaller hat within the larger one, and pressing it down with his foot, he was then able to carry both at the same time!

There are two ways of doing everything—a right and a wrong.

QUESTIONS.—What did the Wimborne dog do every morning? At what time? On what day did he omit this? What did he do when another dog attacked the basket? How did the Newfoundland dog carry the two hats?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

Nep'-tune	a-cross'	trust'y	sev'-er-al	find'ing
Wim'-borne	mon'-ey	fel'-low	at-tempts'	small'-er
Dor'-set	has'-tened	se-vere'-ly	dif-fi-cul-ty	with-in'
bas'-ket	kit'-chen	pun'-ished	no'-ticed	larg'-er
car'-ried	Sun'-day	tri'-umph	ev'-er-y-thing	press'-ing
safely	oc-ca'-sion	New'-found-land	plac'-ing	car'-ry

WRITE :—

<i>years</i>	<i>spread</i>	<i>struck</i>
<i>carried</i>	<i>hastened</i>	<i>triumph</i>
<i>occasion</i>	<i>assailant</i>	<i>difficulty</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

(Continued from page 92.)

lead	They	him	through the woods to the	mines,
led		and showed him how the	was got.	
might	Every	of that cheese	have been removed	
mite		before it was placed on the table.	Yes, it	
nay	I am quite sure that I heard a horse		just	
neigh	now.	, you are mistaken.		
our	The	is come when we must commence	work,	
hour		if we wish to keep	places in the class.	
peace	Give each of these boys a	of the pie, and we		
piece		shall soon have	among them.	
prey	I	you tell me how the lion and other animals of		
pray		the cat tribe seize their		
rain	Take the bridle	into the stable from the	, or	
reign		it will be spoiled.		
rein	Queen Victoria commenced her		in 1837.	



LUCY GRAY.

Com'-rade, friend ; companion.
 Dis-perse , scatter, throw about.
 Fag-ot-band, the band round a bundle
 of sticks for fuel.
 Fawn, a young deer.
 Fur'-long, not very far ; the length of
 which eight make a mile.

Lone'-some, lonely ; dismal.
 Main-tain , say strongly ; hold it true
 Min-ster, a large church.
 Roe, a female deer.
 Sol-i-ta-ry, lonely ; with no friends.
 The wild, a wild place ; a desert.
 Wan-ton, playful, frisky.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :
 And, when I crossed the* wild,
 I chanced to see, at break of day,
 The solitary* child.

No mate, no comrade* Lucy knew ;
 She dwelt on a wide moor,—
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn* at play,
 The hare upon the green ;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."—

"That, father, will I gladly do !
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster* clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band ;*
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :*
With many a wanton* stroke
Her feet disperse* the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town !

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong* from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In Heaven we all shall meet !"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet !

Then, downward from the steep hill's edge,
They tracked the foot-marks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed—
 The marks were still the same;
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy banks
 Those foot-marks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank—
 And further there were none!—

Yet some maintain* that to this day
 She is a living child;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome* wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Lucy Gray go out on the moor? What caused her to lose her way? What did her parents do all night? Where did they spy her foot-prints? How far did they track them? What had become of her?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

hu'-man	af-ter-noon'	pow'-der-y	fol'-lowed	haw'-thorn
storm'-y	blith'-er	wan'-dered	lan'-tern	whis'-tles
scarce'-ly	moun'-tain	shout'-ing	wretch'-ed	brok'-en

WRITE:—

<i>lantern</i>		<i>disperse</i>		<i>hedge</i>
<i>minster</i>		<i>wretched</i>		<i>further</i>
<i>comrade</i>		<i>hawthorn</i>		<i>tracked</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

full light quar'-rels

A bad workman with his tools.

Many hands make work.

Friends are plenty when the purse is



THE SAINT BERNARD DOG.

Al'-pine, belonging to the Alps.

Be-numb'ed, powerless with cold.

Dan'-ger-ous, full of risk ; perilous.

Dis-cov'-ers, finds out.

Drifts, heaps of snow driven together
by the wind.

In-gen'-ious, skilful ; ready in plan-
ning.

In-tel'-li-gent, wise ; knowing what
should be done.

Sa-gac'-i-ty, quickness of wit ; wisdom.

Vi'o-lent, fierce ; severe.

THE Saint Bernard dog is very large and strong, with a large head, long hair, and a bushy tail. He is a noble-looking dog, and he is as noble and intel-ligent* as he looks.

His home is among the Alps,—high mountains in Switzerland. There are several very steep and narrow roads, called " Passes," which lead over these mountains into Italy.

There are snow-storms on these mountains even in summer ; but in the long winter season they

are extremely violent,* and the passes are then very dangerous.* These storms sometimes come on very suddenly,—often after a bright and pleasant morning. The snow falls so thickly, that in a few hours the traveller is buried beneath the drifts.*

Hundreds of persons have lost their lives in trying to pass over these mountains during the winter season. But many lives have been saved by the sagacity* and kindness of the Saint Bernard dogs.

These dogs take their name from the Convent of Saint Bernard, where they are kept. This house is situated far up in the pass of the Grand Saint Bernard,—one of the most dangerous of the Alpine* passes.

Here devoted monks live all the year, for the purpose of aiding travellers ; and, with the help of their dogs, they are able to save many lives.

The dogs are trained to look for lost travellers ; and every day in winter they are sent out, generally in pairs. One has a basket of food and a flask of wine or brandy strapped to his neck ; the other has a cloak strapped upon his back. Thus any poor fainting man whom they may find may be at once supplied with food and clothing.

If the man can walk, they lead him towards the convent, barking loudly all the way for help, and to let the monks know that they are coming back. If the man is so faint and benumbed* that he cannot move, they go back to fetch the monks, and guide them to the spot where he is lying.

Sometimes the traveller is buried deep in the snow. If the monks were alone, they could never find him; but the keen scent of the dogs discovers* him; and they scratch up the snow with their feet, and they bark and howl till the monks come to the spot.

One dog is said to have saved in this way as many as forty-two lives! Its name was Barry, and it was as ingenious* as it was brave. Once a woman, who was going up the mountain with her little son, was carried away by a snow-slip. Barry found the little boy unhurt, but cold and stiff. He managed, however, to get him on his back; and thus carried him to the door of the convent, where he was taken good care of by the monks.

QUESTIONS.—What are the narrow roads over the Alps called? What makes them very dangerous in winter? How are many persons saved in these mountains? Why is the Saint Bernard dog so called? Who live at the Convent of Saint Bernard? What do the dogs carry with them, when they go out to look for travellers? What do they do if they find a man who can walk? What, if the man cannot walk? How are travellers discovered under the snow? How many lives did Barry save? What did he do with the little boy he found?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

Ber-nard	sev-er-al	ex-treme-ly	hun-dreds	gen-er-al-ly
bush-y	nar-row	sud-den-ly	kind-ness	bask-et
no-ble	pass-es	pleas-ant	sit-u-at-ed	sup-plied
moun-tains	It-a-ly	morn-ing	pur-pose	con-vent
Switz'er-land	sea-son	thick-ly	trav-el-lers	un-hurt

WRITE:—

<i>Italy</i>	<i>scratch</i>	<i>situated</i>
<i>scent</i>	<i>convent</i>	<i>extremely</i>
<i>several</i>	<i>Bernard</i>	<i>Switzerland</i>

THE LOST CHILD.

Craved, begged; asked.

Head^l-long, rapidly; without delay.Snow-wreath, a bank of drifted
snow.

I.

It was a clear, cold, winter night,
The heavens were brightly starred,
When on St. Bernard's snowy height
The good monks kept their guard.

And round their hearth, that night, they told
To one, who shelter craved,*
How the brave dog, he thought so old,
Full forty lives had saved;

When suddenly, with kindling eye,
Up sprang the old dog there,
As from afar a child's shrill cry
Rang through the frosty air.

In haste the monks unbarred the door,
Rugs round the mastiffs threw;
And as they bounded forth once more,
Called, " Blessings be with you !"

II.

They hurried headlong* down the hill,
Past many a snow-wreath* wild,
Until the older dog stood still
Beside a sleeping child.

He licked the little icy hand
With his rough, kindly tongue;
With his warm breath he gently fanned
The tresses fair and long.

The child looked up, with eyes of blue,
As if the whole he guessed;
His arms around the dog he threw,
And sunk again to rest.

Once more he woke, and wrapped him fast
 In the warm covering sent :
 The dogs then with their charge, at last,
 Up the steep mountain went.

II.

The fire glowed bright with heaped-up logs,
 Each monk brought forth a light ;
 " Good dogs ! " they cried, " good dogs, good dogs !
 Whom bring you here to-night ? "

In with a joyous bound they come—
 The boy awoke and smiled :
 " Ah me ! " the stranger cried, " some home
 Mourneth for thee, fair child ! "

With morning light the monks and boy
 Sought where the village lay—
 I dare not try to paint the joy
 Their coming gave that day.

QUESTIONS.—What were the monks telling the stranger? What made the old dog spring up? What did the monks throw round the mastiffs? What did they call after them? What did the older dog find in the snow? What did the child do when he awoke the first time? And the second time? What did the stranger say when the boy was brought in? What did the monks do next morning?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

bright-ly	sud'-den-ly	mas'-tiffs	cov'-er-ing	mourn'-eth
Ber'-nard	kin'-dling	kind'-ly	moun'-tain	morn'-ing
ahel'-ter	frost'-y	gen'-tly	joy'-ous	vil'-lage

WRITE:—

<i>height</i>	<i>guard</i>	<i>joyous</i>
<i>heavens</i>	<i>tongue</i>	<i>wrapped</i>
<i>Bernard</i>	<i>guessed</i>	<i>suddenly</i>

THE BUSY LITTLE LAPP.

Con-tent'-ed, easy in his mind; satisfied.

Fro'-zen Zone, the region round the North Pole.

Gar'-ment, covering; dress.

Mos-qui-toes (mosketos), stinging insects.

O-blighed', forced.

THERE is a tribe of busy little people who live in the Frozen* Zone, and who are very seldom seen anywhere else. They are called Lapps, which is short for Laplander. Lapland is the name of the country where they live. You will find it in the north of the map of Europe.

They do not live in huts, because it would not suit them to do so. They are obliged* to wander up and down the country; sometimes on the mountains, and sometimes in the plains. So they pitch tents, which can be easily changed from place to place. The Lapp moves about in this way because of a very useful animal that God has given him, called the reindeer.

The reindeer likes to move about. In the summer some very fierce flies, called mosquitoes,* bite him. To escape from them, he runs up the cold mountains, where the Lapp follows him, and sets up his tent. In the winter the flies go away, and then the Lapp drives his reindeer down to the plain. So you see he has to shift his tent again.

You would not think the tent very nice to live in. The door is so small that you could hardly enter by it. There is no chimney, but the smoke goes out at a hole in the top;—that is, after it has made everybody's face very black.

There are no lamps or candles. The Lapps think the fire-light enough. They sit, and they sleep, on skins spread on the floor. They find out the time by looking at the sun. How many things the little Lapp has to do without!

But he is very happy and contented.* If he has a herd of reindeer, he thinks he is a rich man. He has very little to eat besides its flesh and its milk.



When winter comes, and the wild-fowl have flown away, and the sea is frozen too hard to let him catch fish, he goes to his herd of reindeer and kills one of them. Its flesh is as good to him as beef or mutton is to us.

Every morning and every night the reindeer are fetched up to be milked. The milk they give is thicker and nicer than that of the cow. The Lapp wife makes cheese of it; but she does not use butter.

The Laplanders ride in sledges drawn by reindeer instead of horses. The deer is fastened to the sledge by a strap, and his master ties a cord round his horns by way of a bridle.



When the reindeer dies, or is killed, his warm skin makes a coat or rug, or whatever garment* the Lapp chooses to have; so that he may be said to clothe, as well as to feed, his master.

This animal lives upon nothing but moss, which grows under the snow, and seems to have been put there on purpose for him. In winter, when it freezes so hard that you could not stand in the air a minute, the reindeer wanders about looking for moss.

He has no stable or shelter of any kind. But he turns up the frozen snow, and gets at the moss, and is quite content. A horse or a cow would die, if turned out in such a frost. But this is the home

of the reindeer. He does not die, for God has placed him there to be a comfort to the little Lapp.

QUESTIONS.—Where do the Laplanders live? Why do they wander up and down the country? Where does the reindeer go in summer? Why? How does a Laplander find out the time? What is his chief food? What does he ride in? What use does he make of the reindeer when it is dead? What does the reindeer live upon?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

an'y-where	Lap'land-er	fol'low's	with-out'	bri'dle
wan'der	Eu-rope	chim'ney	be-sides'	pur'pose
moun'tains	an'i-mal	ev'er-y-bod-y	sled'-ges	shel'-ter
ea'si-ly	rein'-deer	can'dles	fas'-tened	com'-fort

WRITE :—

<i>easily</i>	<i>fetch'd</i>	<i>sledges</i>
<i>cheese</i>	<i>comfort</i>	<i>shelter</i>
<i>wander</i>	<i>fastened</i>	<i>Laplander</i>

THE DOG AT HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

Aff'-guish, very great grief.
Ca-ress'd', made much of; fondled.
Con-troll'd', kept in check; ruled.
Fleet, flying very quickly.
Gaunt, wasted away; thin.
Grate-ful, full of thanks.

Guard'-ed, kept watch over.
Heed'-ed, minded; noticed.
Mor-tal, causing death; deadly.
Pleas'-ant-ly, in a kind way.
Quiv'-er-ing, shaking from strong feel-
ing; trembling.

"HE will not come," said the gentle child;
And she patted the poor dog's head,
And she pleasantly* called him, and fondly smiled:
But he heeded* her not in his anguish* wild,
Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his master's grave where he chose to rest—
He guarded* it night and day;
The love that glowed in his grateful* breast,
For the friend who had fed, controlled,* caressed,*
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,
Beneath some hastening tread,



He started up with a quivering* ear,
For he thought 'twas the step of his master dear,
Returning from the dead.

But sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,*
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way, or die,
To his much-loved master's feet.

So there, through the summer's heat, he lay,
Till autumn nights grew bleak,
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,
A skeleton gaunt* and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought
Their offerings of meat and bread,
And to coax him away to their homes they sought;
But his buried master he ne'er forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold winter came, with an angry sway,
 And the snow lay deep and sore ;
 Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,
 Till, close where the broken tomb-stone lay,
 He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal* pain,
 And Death was by his side,
 With one loud cry, that shook the plain,
 He called for his master—but called in vain ;
 Then stretched himself, and died.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

QUESTIONS.—Where is the dog in the picture resting? What is the little girl trying to do? Why did the dog start up when he heard any one coming near? What did the children use to bring him? What happened when winter came?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

low'ly	tomb'stone	start'ed	skel'e-ton	faint'er
mourn'ful	gen'tle	re-turn'ing	chil'dren	bro'ken
pit'y-ing	pat'ted	sum'mer	win'ter	strug'gled
of-fer-ings	fond'ly	au-tumn	an'gry	mas'ter
bu'ried	hasten'ing	de-cay'	moan'ing	him-self

WRITE:—

<i>anguish</i>	<i>pitying</i>	<i>buried</i>
<i>guarded</i>	<i>mournful</i>	<i>offerings</i>
<i>grateful</i>	<i>quivering</i>	<i>tombstone</i>

THE STONE THAT REBOUNDED.

Ac'cu-rate, sure.	Pre-vent', stop; hinder.
Con'science, the power of knowing right and wrong.	Reared, brought up.
In-no-cent, harmless.	Re-bound', spring back upon those who threw it.
Mem'o-ry, the store-house of the mind.	Re-joice', be very glad.
Pois'ing, balancing carefully.	Won't, will not.

"O BOYS, boys, don't throw stones at that poor bird," said an old gray-headed man.

"Why, sir," said a little fellow, "she makes such a squalling, that we can't bear her."

"Yes; but she uses the voice which God gave her, and it is probably as pleasant to her friends as yours is to those who love you. And, besides, I am afraid the stone will rebound,* and hurt you as long as you live!"

"Rebound! We don't understand you, sir!"

"Well, come and I will tell you a story."

"Is it a *true* story?"

"Yes; every word is true.

"Fifty years ago, I was a boy like you. I used to throw stones, and as I had no other boy very near me to play with, I threw them till I became very accurate* in my aim.

"One day I went to work for an aged couple of the name of Hamilton. They seemed very old people then. They were very kind to everybody and everything. Few had so many swallows making their nests under the roofs of their barns; few had so many pets that seemed to love them, as they.

"For seven years a bird had come, after the long winter was over, and built her nest in the same place, and there reared* her young ones. She had just returned on the day that I went there to work, and they welcomed her heartily. She hopped about, as if glad to get back.

"In the course of the day, I thought I would try my skill upon her. She sat upon a post near the spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me trustfully, as much as to say, 'You won't* hurt me?' I found a nice stone, and, poising* my arm, I threw it with my utmost skill.



It struck the bird on the head, and she dropped dead !

“I was sorry the moment I saw her fall. But the deed was done. All day long her mate flew about, and chirped in tones so sad, that he made my heart ache. Why had I taken a life so innocent,* and made the poor mate grieve so ?

“I said nothing to the old people about it. But, through a grandchild, they found it out; and, though they never said a word to me on the matter, I knew

that they mourned for the bird, and were deeply grieved at my cruelty. I could never look them in the face afterwards as I had done before. Oh, that I had told them how sorry I was!

"They have been dead many, many years, and so has the poor bird; but don't you see how that stone rebounded and hit me? How deep a wound it made upon my memory!—how deep upon my conscience!" Why, my dear boys, I would give a great deal to-day if I could undo that deed!

"For fifty years I have carried it in my memory. I have never spoken of it before; yet if what I have now said shall prevent* you from throwing a stone that may rebound and deeply wound your conscience, I shall rejoice.*"

The boys at once dropped the stones they had in their hands, and the bird had no more trouble from them.

QUESTIONS.—What did the old man tell the boys not to do? What did he say the stone might do? Did he mean that the stone would actually hit them? How, then, would they be hurt? What had he done in this way when a boy? What did it make a deep wound upon? What did the boys do when they heard the story?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

squal'ing	fif'ty	swal' lows	trust'ful-ly	peo'ple
prob'a-bly	be'came'	mak'ing	ut'most	grand'child
pleas'ant	coup'le	win'ter	sor'ry	cru'el-ty
a-fraid'	Ham'il-ton	re-turned'	mo'ment	af'ter-wards
un-der-stand'	ev'er-y-bod-y	wel'-comed	noth'ing	re-bound'ed
troub'le	car'ried	spok'en	throw'ing	deep'ly

WRITE :—

<i>carried</i>	<i>cruelty</i>	<i>couple</i>
<i>grieved</i>	<i>dropped</i>	<i>memory</i>
<i>trustfully</i>	<i>welcomed</i>	<i>conscience</i>

WHALE HUNTING.

Car-cass, dead body.

Har-poon-er, the man who uses the harpoon, or whale-spear.

Launched, pushed into the water.

Sig-nal, a sign; notice.

Towed, dragged along in the water.

EVERY year, ships sail to the northern seas to hunt the whale. The men want its fat to make oil; and the whalebone, which is found in the roof of its mouth.

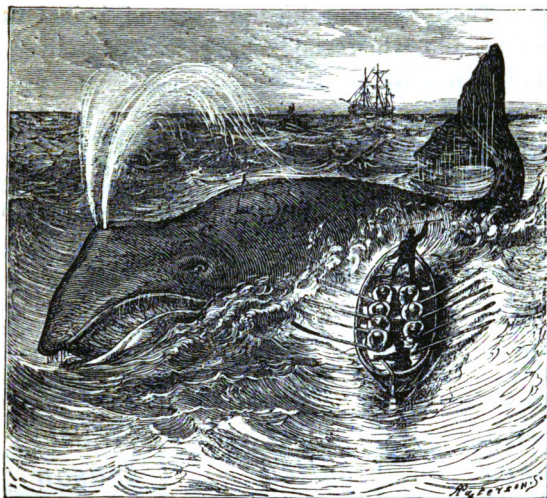
The ships carry with them a number of small boats. When the whaling ground is reached, men are sent to the top-mast to be on the look-out; and, at a signal* from them, the boats are launched* as soon as a whale is seen.

Each boat has a man in it called a harpooner.* He sits in the bow of the boat. The harpoon is a long spear with a barbed point, made of tough iron. To the shaft of the harpoon a rope is fixed. This rope, which is sometimes a quarter of a mile long, lies carefully coiled up in the bow of the boat.

When the boat is near the whale, it is rowed up to it swiftly, but silently; the harpooner standing up, ready for his work. When the boat is within a few yards of the huge creature, the men rest for a moment on their oars. Up goes the arm of the harpooner,¹ and in an instant he sends the harpoon with all his force into the body of the whale.

Smarting with the wound, the whale dives into the ocean, and swims away as far as he can. If the whale were a true fish, he could remain under water always, and never be caught. But he must

¹ The harpoon is now generally shot from a gun.



come up to breathe. He is an animal like the cow or the horse, and cannot live without air.

In the meantime, the men in the boat have rowed near the place where they expect him to rise. As soon as he comes up, another harpoon is driven into his body. Down dives the whale again; but he soon returns.

In his fury, he lashes the sea so violently with his huge tail, that the noise can sometimes be heard two or three miles off! At last, from pain and loss of blood, the poor whale is worn out. The boats are once more rowed up to him, and the men thrust long steel lances into his body.

Soon his huge carcass* floats lifeless on the water. Three cheers are given by the men in the boats, and the body of the whale is towed* in triumph to the

ship. There it is cut into pieces and boiled down into oil; and when the fishing season is over, the oil is taken home in casks.

QUESTIONS.—Where do ships go to hunt the whale? Why is it hunted? Where is the whalebone found? What is the man who spears the whale called? What is attached to the spear? What does the whale do when it is speared? Why must it come up again? What is done with its body when it is taken to the ship?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

north-ern	quar-ter	crea-ture	al-ways	life-less
hunt-ing	great-est	mo-ment	an-i-mal	tri-umph
num-ber	swift-ly	in-stant	re-turns'	piec-es
whal-ing	si-lent-ly	smart-ing	lash-es	fish-ing
top-mast	stand-ing	re-main'	lan-ces	sea-son

WRITE:—

<i>spear</i>	<i>coiled</i>	<i>season</i>
<i>tough</i>	<i>harpoon</i>	<i>silently</i>
<i>launched</i>	<i>triumph</i>	<i>greatest</i>

THE BLIND BOY.

Ben-e-fits, things to be gained; ad- vantages.	Pa-tience, calmness of temper; with- out murmuring.
De-stroy', put an end to.	'Twere, it were; it would be.
Ne'er, never.	Won-drous, causing wonder.

Oh! say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er* enjoy?
What are the benefits* of sight?
Oh! tell a poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous* things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I always keep awake,
 With me 'twere* always day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear
 You mourn my helpless woe ;
 But sure with patience* I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My peace of mind destroy ;*
 While thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

CIBBER.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

en-joy'	my-self'	al'-ways	heav-y	can'-not
oft-en	when-e'er'	a-wake'	help-less	al-though'

WRITE :—

<i>sight</i>		<i>shines</i>		<i>sighs</i>
<i>peace</i>		<i>mourn</i>		<i>shines</i>
<i>benefits</i>		<i>patience</i>		<i>wondrous</i>

THE SPEAKING CHIP.

Char'-coal, burned wood.

Con-tempt', scorn.

Mys-ter-y, something that cannot be explained.

Per-formed', done.

Re-quest, desire; wish.

Set-tle-ment, place where foreigners settle in a new country.

Square, an instrument used to show whether buildings, &c., are straight.

As I had gone to work one morning without my square,* I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal* wrote upon it a request* that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, who was looking after a portion of the work, and said

to him, "Friend, take this; go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams."

He was a strange-looking man. He had been a great warrior; and, in one of the many battles he had fought, he had lost an eye. Giving me a look of wonder with the other, he said, "Take that! She will call me foolish, and scold me, if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, "she will not. Take it and go at once; I am in haste."

Seeing that I was in earnest, he took it, and asked, "What must I say?"

I replied, "You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish."

With a look of surprise and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said, "How can this speak? Has this a mouth?"

I desired him to take it instantly, and not spend so much time in talking about it. On reaching the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams; who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest. The chief, wishing to see the result of this strange affair, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, "Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior; "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply, "for it made known to me what he wanted; and all you

have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

Upon this, the chief rushed out of the house; and catching up the piece of wood, he ran through the settlement* with the chip in one hand and the square in the other. Holding them up as high as his arms could reach, he shouted as he went, "See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk!"

On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to talk with persons at a distance. I explained the matter to him as well as I could; but it was so great a mystery,* that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time!

During several following days, we often saw him surrounded by a crowd, who listened with the greatest interest while he told them the wonders which the chip had performed.*

QUESTIONS.—What was written on the chip? What did the chief say when it was given to him? What did he say when he got the square? What did he do with the chip?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

ar'ti-cle	fool'ish	de-sired'	daugh'ter	wis'dom
por'tion	car'ry	talk'ing	quick'ly	dis'tance
war'rior	re-plied'	re-sult'	pos'si-ble	ac-tu-al-ly
bat'tles	ear'nest	fol'lowed	catch'ing	list'ened
won'der	sur-prise'	re-ceiv'ing	shout'ing	in'ter-est

WRITE :—

<i>square</i>	<i>piece</i>	<i>chief</i>
<i>friend</i>	<i>fought</i>	<i>leaped</i>
<i>daughter</i>	<i>article</i>	<i>Williams</i>

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

METALS.

Gold.—Why is Gold so precious a metal? Because it is very rare, and difficult to get; also because it is lasting and very beautiful.

For what besides is it remarkable? It may be drawn out into very fine wires, and beat into very thin leaves.

For what is Gold-leaf used? For gilding picture-frames, earthenware, the boards and edges of books, and many other things.

In what forms is Gold found? In dust, and in lumps called nuggets.

Where is it found in Dust? In the beds of rivers in Hungary, South America, and Africa.

Where is it found in Nuggets? In Russia, California, and Australia, mixed with a hard, flinty rock.

Are Coins and Jewellery made of pure gold? No; by itself it would be too soft. It is hardened by being mixed with silver and copper.

Silver.—For what is Silver remarkable? For its pure white colour, and its brightness when polished.

For what besides? It can be drawn out into wires finer than the human hair, and beat into leaves.

Is Silver-leaf as thin as Gold-leaf? No; the thinnest leaf into which silver can be beaten is twice as thick as the thinnest gold-leaf.

In what state is Silver when it is dug out of the earth? It is mixed with stones and dross.

What is a metal in that state called? An ore.

How is the Silver got from the ore? By melting.

Where are the greatest Silver-mines? In Mexico and Peru in America; but silver is also found in Saxony and Hungary, as well as in Sweden and Russia, in Europe.

Copper.—What is Copper like? It

is of a reddish colour, and when polished is a little like gold.

For what is it used? For making kettles and pans, plates for covering the bottoms of ships, and copper-wire.

Why is it not safe to use it for purposes of cooking? Because it is poisonous when acted upon by vinegar or sour fruits.

Where is it found? In Cornwall and Anglesey in England, and also in Australia.

Where are the largest Copper-works? At Swansea, in Wales.

Why is it not worked in Cornwall, where it is found? Because there is no coal there.

What is a metal called which is made by mixing two or more metals together? An Alloy, or compound metal.

What are the chief Alloys of Copper? Brass, bronze, and bell-metal.

What is Brass? It is an alloy of copper and zinc.

What is Bronze? An alloy of copper and tin, in which only one-tenth is tin. What used to be called "coppers" (copper coins), are now made of bronze.

What is Bell-metal? An alloy of copper and tin, in which one-fourth is tin.

Lead.—What kind of metal is Lead? It is a soft, coarse, heavy metal, of a bluish-gray colour.

For what is it used? For roofing houses, making water-pipes, lining cisterns, making bullets and small-shot, &c.

Where is it found? In large quantities in many parts of England and Wales, particularly in the Pennine range of mountains.

What are the chief Alloys of Lead? Solder, a compound of lead and tin; and type-metal, a compound of lead and antimony.

Iron.—Why is Iron so much used for manufacturing purposes? Because it is very hard, is easily worked, and can bear a great strain.

Where is it obtained? Both in England and Scotland in large quantities. It is one of the great sources of British wealth.

What other mineral is generally found in the same districts? Coal, which is much required in smelting and manufacturing iron.

What are the different kinds of Iron? The principal are cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel.

What is Cast-iron? It is iron melted and run into moulds. It is very hard and very brittle.

What is it used for? For making grates, fenders, railings, and girders or beams of iron used in building bridges, houses, &c.

How is Wrought-iron made? By making a current of hot air pass through the iron while it is melting.

Wherein does it differ from Cast-iron? It is not brittle, but very tough; and it can be drawn out into wires and beaten into plates.

Can it be melted? No; but when red-hot, it can be moulded by blows with a hammer, and punched with sharp tools.

What things are made of Wrought-iron? Rails for railways, horse-shoes, and other things made by the blacksmith.

How is Steel made? It is made from wrought-iron, by heating it in charcoal, and beating it with heavy hammers.

For what is it remarkable? It is finer and harder than wrought-iron; and may be made either brittle (as in pen-knives), or elastic (as in watch-springs).

Where does the Iron that makes the best Steel come from? From Sweden.

What things are made of Steel? Knives, scissors, and sharp tools.

What is a man who works in Steel called? A cutler, or maker of things that cut.

What town in England is famous for its Cutlery. Sheffield, in Yorkshire.

Tin.—What kind of metal is Tin? It is white, silvery, and easily bent.

For what is it chiefly used? For coating other metals.

Is it pure Tin that the tinsmith uses? No; it is sheet-iron plated with tin.

What is Tin-foil? It is tin beat out into very thin leaves. It is used for covering cakes of soap, chocolate, &c.

Where does Tin come from? The largest tin-mines in the world are in Cornwall.

Into what Alloys already mentioned does Tin enter? Into bronze, bell-metal, and solder.

Mention another Alloy of Tin very much used? Pewter—a compound of tin and a small quantity of lead—of which drinking-cans are made.

What is the best Pewter made of? Of tin, mixed with antimony and copper. It is called Britannia-metal, of which tea and coffee pots, as well as spoons, are often made.

Zinc.—What kind of metal is Zinc? It is a bluish-white metal, bright when polished, and easily bent when rolled into sheets.

For what is it used? For rain-water pipes and the gutters of houses.

Where is it found? In the lead-mines of Derbyshire and of the Mendip Hills, in England.

What Alloy contains Zinc? Brass.

Mercury.—What is peculiar in Mercury? It is a fluid metal.

Does it ever become hard? Yes; it freezes in very cold countries.

Why is it called Quicksilver? Because of its fluidity, and its resemblance to silver. The word means "living silver."

For what is it used? For making barometers, thermometers, levels, &c.

Where is Mercury found? In Spain, South America, and some parts of Asia.

What is a Barometer? A weather-glass, an instrument for measuring the weight of the air.

What is a Thermometer? An instrument for measuring the heat or cold of air, water, &c.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

A-bate', become less.

Aught, anything.

Bod-ings, fears for the future ; fore-shadowings.

Cov'ert, covering.

Dig'ni-ty, noble bearing.

Gait, way of walking.

Ma-jes'tic, like a queen.

Ma-tron, an elderly lady.

Mien, manner.

Prime, best ; time of life when the strength is greatest.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
 A foggy day in winter time),
 A woman on the road I met,
 Not old, though something past her prime ;
 Majestic* in her person, tall and straight ;
 And like a Roman matron's* was her mien* and gait.*

The ancient spirit is not dead ;
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there :
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity* so fair :
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate ;
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.*

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 "What is it," said I, "that you bear
 Beneath the covert* of your cloak,
 Protected from this cold damp air ?"
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,
 "A simple burden, sir—a little singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
 "I had a son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead,—
 In Denmark he was cast away ;
 And I have travelled weary miles, to see
 If aught* which he had owned might still remain for me.

The bird and cage they both were his :
 'Twas my son's bird ; and neat and trim
 He kept it : many voyages
 This singing-bird had gone with him :
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind ;
 From bodings,* as might be, that hung upon his mind.

He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety ;—there
 I found it when my son was dead ;
 And now, God help me for my little wit !
 I bear it with me, sir ; he took so much delight in it."

WORDSWORTH.

QUESTIONS.—What was the old woman carrying? Where did she carry it? To whom had it belonged? What was he? What had become of him? What did he usually do with the bird when he went to sea? Why had he not taken it on his last voyage? Where had she found it? Why was she carrying it with her?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

fog'-gy	an'-cient	pro-tect'-ed	Den'-mark	be-hind'
wom'-an	breath'-ing	an'-swered	trav'-elled	fel'-low
some'-thing	e-state'	sim'-ple	wea'-ry	lodg'-er
per'-son	lof'-ty	bur'-den	re-main'	safe'-ty
Ro'-man	be-neath'	con-tin'-u-ing	voy'-a-ges	de-light

WRITE :—

<i>owned</i>	<i>Roman</i>	<i>voyages</i>
<i>straight</i>	<i>watched</i>	<i>answered</i>
<i>strength</i>	<i>breathing</i>	<i>protected</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

(Continued from page 102.)

rap	You had better	up the parcel, and then	for
wrap	James to take it at once to the post-office.		
rote	He	down the poetry so often, that he could say	
wrote	it by	, though he did not understand it.	
sea	Do you	that large vessel far off on the	?
see	Yes, I	it, and a small one near it.	
sow	Tell that girl to learn to	with a needle before	
sew	she attempts to	onion seed.	
sum	One hundred pounds seems to	persons a	
some	small	of money. I wish I had such a	

THE PRINCE AND THE JUDGE.

Anx'ious, very desirous ; eager.

Calm'ness, state of rest ; coolness.

En-for'ces, puts in force.

En-raged', full of rage ; furious.

In-ci-dent, what happened ; occurrence.

In-sult'ed, abused ; trampled on.

Mis-tak'en, wrong in opinion.

Sub-jects, persons under the law.

Sub-mit', to be obedient.

Tried, examined before a Judge.

HENRY V. was as brave a King as ever sat on the English throne, and gained one of the greatest victories¹ ever won by English soldiers.

But when he was Prince of Wales, he was a very wild and riotous youth. He mixed with low companions, who led him to do many base and foolish acts, quite unworthy of a Prince.

On one occasion, one of his friends was tried* for some offence before the Lord Chief Justice. He was found guilty, and was ordered to be sent to prison.

When the Prince, who was in the court, heard the sentence, he fell into a great rage. He spoke very rudely to the Judge, and commanded him to let his friend off.

"Prison," he said, "is no place for a Prince's friend. I am Prince of Wales, and I forbid you to send this man to prison, like a common thief."

"Prince or no Prince," replied the Judge, "you have no right to speak thus to the King's Judge. I have sworn to do justice ; and justice I shall do."

The Prince, getting more enraged,* then tried to set the prisoner free himself. But the Judge told him it was none of his business, and ordered him to cease from such riot in court.

The calmness* with which the Judge spoke made

¹ Agincourt, A.D. 1415.

the Prince still more angry; and he rushed up to the bench, and struck the Judge a severe blow on the face!

For this, the Judge ordered the officers of the



court to seize the Prince, and take him to prison with his friend. "I do this," he said, "not because he has done me harm, but because he has insulted* the honour of the law."

Turning again to the Prince, he added, "Young man, you will one day be King. How can you expect your subjects* to obey you then, if you yourself thus disobey the King's laws now?"

On hearing this, the Prince was very much ashamed of himself. He had not a word to say; but, laying down his sword, he bowed to the Judge, and walked quietly off to prison.

When the King (Henry IV.) heard of this incident,* he said, "Happy is the King that has a Judge who so fearlessly enforces* the laws, and a son who knows how to submit* to them."

Shortly after this Prince had been crowned King, many of his people came to pay their respects to him. Some of those who knew how wild he had been as a young man, were anxious* to know how he would act as King.

Among the rest came some of his former riotous companions, expecting, no doubt, to be made at once the King's chief favourites.

But they were mistaken.* The King told them that he had given up his foolish ways, and advised them to do the same. Nor would he let them come about his person, until they had shown that they had learned better manners.

The Judge also came, not knowing how he would be received. He feared that he might lose his office; but he did not care, as he had only done his duty.

He also was mistaken. The King received him very kindly, and thanked him for the sharp lesson

he had given him. He told him still to keep the office which he had so worthily filled.

"If ever," said the King, "I have a son who shall behave as I did to you, may I have a Judge as bold and faithful as you to correct him!"

QUESTIONS.—What sort of youth was Henry V. when he was Prince of Wales? What sort of companions did he mix with? What did the Prince say when one of these was sent to prison? What did the Judge reply? What did the Prince then try to do? When the Judge told him to cease from such riot, what did he do to him? What did the Judge then order? How did the Prince then behave? What did the King say when he heard of this? How did the Prince treat his former companions when he became King? How did he treat the Judge?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

En'-glish	com-pan'-ions	guilt'-y	for-bid'	an'-gry
great'-est	fool'-ish	or'-dered	com'-mon	re-ceived'
vic'-to-ries	un-wor'-thy	pris'-on	re-plied'	be-haves'
sold'-iers	oc-ca'-sion	rude'-ly	jus'-tice	faith'-ful
ri'-ot-ous	of-fence'	com-mand'-ed	bus'-iness	cor-rect'

WRITE :—

<i>mixed</i>	<i>seize</i>	<i>prison</i>
<i>friends</i>	<i>cease</i>	<i>faithful</i>
<i>soldiers</i>	<i>ordered</i>	<i>commanded</i>

FREDERICK AND THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.— (Elliptical Exercise.)

an'-swer	reg'-i-ment	beat
re-view'	e'-qual	try

It is said that Frederick, King of Prussia, one day, at a of a splendid of grenadiers, asked the English Ambassador if he thought an number of Englishmen could them.

"No," replied Lord Hyndford, "I cannot be so bold as say that; but I will for it that half the number would . . ."

A BEAVER TOWN.

A-bun'-dant , found in great numbers.	En-gin-eer' , maker of great works.
Breach , broken part.	Man-age , plan; contrive.
Bur-row , hole in the earth.	Re-treat , a quiet place, where one lives alone.
Com-bine' , join together.	Skil'-ful , clever.
Cur-rent , running water.	Sur'-face , top of the water.
Dam , bank or wall to stop running water.	

BEAVERS were at one time abundant* in Europe, but they are now found chiefly in Canada and other parts of North America. The name *beaver* comes from a word which means *builder*; and a wonderful little builder he is. But he not only builds houses; he is a capital wood-cutter and a skilful* engineer* as well.

During summer, each beaver lives by himself in a burrow,* which he digs out near a lake or stream. When winter comes, he quits this retreat,* and unites with his fellows to build a winter home. They generally combine* in troops of from two to three hundred; so that, when the houses are all built, they form a little beaver town.

They begin by choosing a good site for their town; sometimes on the bank of a lake or a river, and sometimes on an island. They like a river best, because the running stream helps to carry down the trees they use in building.

With no tool but their own sharp teeth, they soon cut down a tree. If it stands close to the water, the beavers manage* very cleverly to cut it down so that it shall fall into the river. In this way they can get the entire tree floated down the stream. But if the trees are at some distance, they have to cut them



into several pieces, and drag them to the river-side with their teeth.

After they have got a supply of trees, the beavers begin their work of building. The first thing they do is to make a dam* across the river. This stops the current,* and forms a deep pond at the river-side. The dam is made of logs and branches firmly fixed into the bed of the stream.

The spaces between the posts are filled up with stones and clay, and the whole is made as firm as the little animals can make it. The trees are dragged with their teeth from place to place, as they are wanted; but the stones and clay are carried in an odd way between their fore-paws and their chins.

All the time they are at work, the beavers' are

constantly moving to and fro, trampling down the soft clay with their paws, and making all as smooth as they can. And it is a curious thing that they do all their work during the night.

Every care is taken to make the dam strong; and when any part of it is broken, the beavers never rest till they have mended it. They are ever on the watch; and the Indians, who know this, try to bring them out of their hiding-places by breaking the dam. In this way the poor beavers are often caught, as they rush forth to mend the breach.*

When the dam is finished, the beavers begin to build their little town. The houses are made of the same materials as the dam. They are all built on the edge of the pond; and passages run from them into the ground in all directions.

The door of a beaver's house is under the water—generally three or four feet below the surface.* There is no other opening of any kind. All the other passages lead to holes or caves where the beavers can hide themselves from their enemies.

Each house holds from ten to twenty beavers. It has two rooms in it, one above the other. The upper one is where the beavers live. The lower room is used as a place to store their food, which consists chiefly of the bark of the silver-birch and poplar trees. It is kept under water, safe from the frost, and brought up as it is wanted.

Like the bird and the bee, the beaver builds his house just as God has taught him. He has not *reason* to guide him in his work. This gift belongs to man alone. But the lower animals are born with

the power of doing everything necessary to make themselves safe and comfortable. This power is called *instinct*.

QUESTIONS.—Where are beavers now chiefly found? What does the name *beaver* mean? Where does the beaver live in summer? What do they do in winter? Why do they like the bank of a river best? How do they cut down trees? What is the first thing they build? What is the use of this? Where are their houses built? Where is the door made? How many live in one house? How many rooms are in each house? What is the use of each? What is their food?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

bea'vers	u-nites'	clev'er-ly	con'stant-ly	en'e-mies
Can'a-da	fel-lows	en-tire'	tram'pling	cer'tain
build'er	gen'er-al-ly	float'ed	cu'ri-ous	rea'son
won'der-ful	hun'dred	dis'tance	In'dians	nec'es-sa-ry
cap'i-tal	choos'ing	sev'er-al	fin'ished	com'fort-a-ble
wood'cut-ter	isl'and	sup-ply'	pas'sag-es	in'stinct

WRITE :—

<i>ground</i>	<i>pieces</i>	<i>directions</i>
<i>burrow</i>	<i>certain</i>	<i>wonderful</i>
<i>running</i>	<i>branches</i>	<i>constantly</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

(Continued from page 129.)

steel	Did the thief	anything else but the watch and
steal	the	hammer?
strait	We sailed	across the of Dover
straight	to Calais in two hours.	
time	Your	looked very withered the last I
thyme	saw it in the garden.	
their	I see that	is a wide difference between
there	opinion and yours.	
throne	When he had	himself on his knees before the
thrown	, he begged for mercy.	

THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

An'-cient, old ; built long ago.

Be-friend'-ed, favoured ; helped.

Com-pel', force.

Con-vent, a house in which monks or nuns live.

Dis-cov'-er-y, finding out for the first time.

Do-min'-ions, all the lands and possessions under one government.

Treas-ure, costly things.

MORE than three hundred years ago, there stood near a small town on the coast of Spain an ancient* convent.* It still stands there, on a height above the sea, surrounded by a forest of pine trees.

A stranger, travelling on foot, with a little boy,



one day stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked the porter to give him a little bread and water for his child.

Poor and friendless though he was, when he stood at the convent gate, he afterwards became one of the most famous of men. That stranger was the

great Christopher Columbus ; and the little boy was his son Diego.

Seven years afterwards, he was befriended* by Isabella, Queen of Spain; and, on the 3rd of August 1492, Columbus set sail from Spain with three small ships, on the great voyage which ended in the discovery* of America.

He wanted to find out a new way to India. He believed that the world was round, though few people knew it at that time. Columbus was not aware that there was such a country as America. He thought that if he sailed on and on, always keeping to the west, he would at last come to India.

Look at the Map of the World, and you will see that, if there had been no such country as America, he would have been right. At that time, no one in Europe knew anything about America. So Columbus sailed into what was then an unknown sea. Many thought that he would never come back. On and on he went with his ships, not knowing where he was going !

For a long time there was no sign of land—nothing but the wide waters all around him. Day after day, and night after night passed by. The men who were with him became alarmed, and tried to compel* him to return. But he held bravely on his course, and would not turn back. At last the great Atlantic Ocean was crossed, and the ships came in sight of one of the West India Islands.

When the brave Columbus saw the land, he thought it was the India which he had come to seek. So he called it India. Afterwards, when it

was found that this was not the country known before as India, it was called the West Indies, and the other India the East Indies.

When the people of the island saw the ships of Columbus, they were very much surprised; for they had never heard of Europe, or of the people who lived there. After filling his ships with treasure* got from the natives, Columbus sailed back to Spain.

When the other nations of Europe heard of the great discovery of a new world, they wished to share in its riches. Many nations, therefore, sent out ships and men to try to gain possession of part of it.

The poor natives were not well treated by many of the people who took their beautiful islands from them. Their new masters used them so cruelly, that they were soon almost all destroyed. Negroes were then brought from Africa to the West India Islands, and there forced to work as slaves. In this way there were soon negro slaves in all the islands.

After a long time, some of the islands came into the possession of England; but the English at that



time were no better than other nations in regard to slavery. There were many in England who were engaged in the cruel slave trade.

At last the people of England began to think it was wrong to keep slaves, and a law was made that in all the countries belonging to Britain every slave should be set free.

There are still slaves in the islands which belong to Spain ; but there is reason to hope that they will soon all be made free. Meantime, let us rejoice that not a slave now exists in the British dominions.*

The climate of the West India Islands is very warm, and most of the things grow there which are found in warm countries. The chief articles which we get from the West Indies are sugar, rum, tobacco, and cotton.

QUESTIONS.—Who was the discoverer of America? Who befriended him? When did he set sail? Did he mean to sail to America? Where did he mean to go? What did his sailors try to do? What did he call the land he reached? Why? How were the natives treated by the Europeans who went out? Where were people taken from, to work there as slaves? What are the chief articles brought from the West Indies?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

an'-cient	Chris'-to-pher	a-ware'	pos-ses'-sion	slav'-er-y
sur-round'-ed	Co-lum'-bus	al'-ways	rich'-es	en-gaged'
for'-est	Di-e'-go	un-known'	na'-tives	be-long'-ing
stran'-ger	Is-a-bel'-la	al-armed'	treat'-ed	re-joyce'
friend'-less	Aug'-ust	brave'-ly	cru'-el-ly	ex-ists'
af'-ter-wards	want'-ed	In'-dies	de-destroyed'	cli'-mate
fa'-mous	be-lieved'	sur-prised'	ne'-groes	ar'-ti-cles

WRITE :—

<i>Spain</i>	<i>queen</i>	<i>belonging</i>
<i>height</i>	<i>famous</i>	<i>Columbus</i>
<i>stopped</i>	<i>alarmed</i>	<i>surrounded</i>

THE HEROIC DAUGHTER.

Barge, a large river-boat.
Czar, the Emperor of Russia.
Jeered at, made a fool of; mocked.
Pe-ti-tion, a paper containing a request.
Re-vised, gone over again.
Rou-ble, a coin worth about three shillings.
Sen'a-tors, councillors of the Czar.

Si-be'ri-a, a country in the north of Asia, part of Russia.
Spurned, angrily driven away.
St. Pe-ters-burg, the capital of Russia in Europe.
Thick-et, a close shrubbery.
Vol-ga, a large river in Russia in Europe.

PART I.

A CAPTAIN in the Russian army, who had been sent as an exile for life to a small village in the north of Siberia,* had a daughter named Catherine. She saw how unhappy her father and mother were, and she resolved to go to St. Petersburg* herself, and ask the Czar* to pardon her father.

When she told her father her plan, he only laughed at her; and her mother said that she ought to mind her work instead of talking nonsense.

"Here, my dear," said she; "dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off for St. Petersburg at your ease."

But neither her father's laughter nor her mother's sneers turned Catherine from her purpose; and after waiting patiently for three years, she at length got her father to agree to let her go.

It was a terrible journey for a girl of eighteen to undertake alone. She had to travel on foot for hundreds of miles, through vast forests and across dreary snow-covered plains. She had no clothes with her except the faded ones which she wore; all that she had in her pocket was a single silver rouble;* but she had a brave heart, and unbounded trust in God.

She met with the greatest hardships and dangers on her travels. Once she was caught in a furious storm, at the end of a long day's journey, and had to take refuge from the wind and rain in a thicket* by the way. This gave her shelter for a time; but long before morning she was drenched to the skin.

At another time, she feared that the wretches with whom she lodged were going to murder her, for the sake of the money which they thought she had. It was only when they found that she had but a few coppers in her purse, that they let her go unharmed.

She was often driven from the doors of the rich as a beggar and a cheat. She was spurned* by matrons who should have known better, jeered* at by thoughtless boys, and even attacked by dogs.

QUESTIONS.—What was Catherine's father? Where did he live? What did she resolve to do? What did her father say to this? and her mother? How long had she to wait before her father let her go? What did she take with her for her journey? What did she do when caught in a storm?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

cap'tain	daugh'ter	non'sense	jour'ney	dan'gers
Rus'sian	Cath'er-ine	pur'pose	un-der-take'	fu'ri-ous
ex'ile	un-hap'py	pa'tient-ly	un-bound'ed	shel'ter
vil'lage	re-solved'	ter'ri-ble	hard'ships	wretch'es

WRITE :—

<i>Russian</i>	<i>journey</i>	<i>furious</i>
<i>captain</i>	<i>unhappy</i>	<i>hardships</i>
<i>eighteen</i>	<i>drenched</i>	<i>Catherine</i>

PART II.

BEFORE her journey was half done, winter overtook her, and greatly increased her hardships; but

some carriers with whom she fell in were very kind to her. When her cheek was frost-bitten, they rubbed it with snow; when no sheep-skin could be got for her, they gave her theirs by turns, and took every possible care of her.

Her next mishap was to be tumbled out of a barge* on the river Volga.* This did so much harm to her health, that, before continuing her journey, she had to spend some months in a nunnery, where the nuns were very kind to her.

At last, after a journey of eighteen months, she reached St. Petersburg. She stood day after day for a fortnight on the steps of the Senate-house, holding out a petition* to the senators;* but without success. After many failures, she was fortunate enough to find friends who were able to take her to the Czar; and he was very kind to her, and promised that her father's trial should be at once revised.*

The result was, that the Czar pardoned her father, and allowed him to return with his wife from Siberia.

When the Czar, touched with her noble bearing, asked Catherine if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied that she would be quite satisfied if he would also pardon two poor old gentlemen, who had been kind to her in her exile. Her request was at once granted.

Very touching was the meeting between the heroic daughter and the parents whom she had delivered. When she came into their presence, they at once fell on their knees, to thank her; but she exclaimed, "It is God that we have to thank for your wonderful deliverance!"

But Catherine's health had been completely broken by her great exertions. She had bought her parents' freedom with her own life.

One morning, a few months afterwards, when the nuns with whom she lived went into her room, they found her with her hands clasped, quietly sleeping her last long sleep.

QUESTIONS.—What increased her hardships before she had got half way? Who were then kind to her? How long did her journey to St. Petersburg take? What was the result? What did she say when her parents fell on their knees to thank her?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

in-creased'	con-tin'-u-ing	sat-is-fied	com-plete-ly	pres'-ence
car'-ri-ers	for-tu-nate	ban'-ished	ex-er'-tions	won'-der-ful
nun'-ner-y	fail'-ures	he-ro'-ic	pos'-si-ble	de-liv'-er-ance

WRITE :—

<i>barge</i>	<i>success</i>	<i>failure</i>
<i>petition</i>	<i>presence</i>	<i>satisfied</i>
<i>senators</i>	<i>wonderful</i>	<i>completely</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

(Continued from page 187.)

too	Certainly	spoonfuls will not be	much. Indeed,
two	I would give him	more.	
through	Frederick	the stone	the window by ac-
threw	cident.		
wring	They may	a bell for joy just now, but they	
ring	will	their hands for grief ere long.	
weight	If you	a little, he will tell you its exact	
wait	I cannot	just now; I'll come again.	
weigh	Stand out of his	till he	this sack. He will
way	soon do it.		
week	He felt very	and fatigued all last	; but he
weak	is better now.		

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USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE EARTH.

Form.—What is the Form of the Earth? It is round, like an orange or a ball.

What is the Whole Globe called? A sphere.

What is the Half of it called? A hemisphere, or half-sphere.

How could you see the whole of an orange at once? By cutting it in two, and placing the halves side by side.

How can you see a picture of the whole Globe at once? By placing pictures of the two Hemispheres side by side. (See *Nelsons' "Geography and Atlas,"* Maps I. and II.)

Surface.—Of what does the Surface of the Globe consist? Of Land and Water.

Of which is there most? Of the water: it covers three times as much space as the land.

How is the Land-surface of the Globe divided? Into low-lands, which are nearly at the level of the sea; and high-lands, which are much above the level of the sea.

How is the Water-surface of the Globe divided? Into the sea, which surrounds the land; and rivers, which drain the land, and flow into the sea.

What are Lakes? When a river, on its way to the sea, flows into a deep hollow or basin, it must fill that up be-

fore it can flow any further. This hollow filled with water is called a Lake. (See "*Geography and Atlas*," pp. 10-12.)

What is the largest body of Water called? An Ocean.

And the largest body of Land? A Continent.

What is a portion of Land with water all round it? An Island.

If it has water round it at all parts but one? A Peninsula; which means, "almost an island."

What is an Isthmus? A narrow neck of land joining two larger portions.

What is a narrow neck of Water joining two larger portions? A Strait.

And a passage wider than a Strait? A Channel.

What is a Cape? A point of land jutting into the sea.

What is a body of Water stretching into the Land? A Gulf or Bay.

What is a Mountain? A portion of land rising high above the country around it.

What are smaller High-lands? Hills.

And Burning-mountains? Volcanoes.

What is a tract of country lying between Hills? A Valley or Dale.

What is a Plain? A broad portion of country nearly flat or level.

If the Plain is high up amongst Hills? A Table-land. (See "*Geography and Atlas*," p. 21.)

MOTIONS OF THE EARTH.

Day and Night.—Is the Earth standing still? No; it is constantly turning round—spinning like a top—carrying everything on it round with it.

How much of the Earth gets the sunlight at one time? Only one-half, because the Earth is round.

What is the time called during which any place is in the Sun-light? Day.

And when it is out of the Sun-light? Night.

If the Earth did not spin round, what would happen? It would always be day on one side of the Earth, and always night on the other.

But since the Earth does spin round? All the parts of it are passing, one after another, into and out of the sun-light; and so day travels round the Earth.

What is Sun-rise at any place? The time when that place first comes in sight of the Sun.

In what direction does the Earth spin round? From west to east.

So Sun-rise travels round the Earth? From east to west.

What is the time when a place is just leaving the Sun-light? Sun-set.

What is Noon? The time when the Sun is highest in the heavens; or when a place is right in front of the Sun: also called mid-day.

Days and Hours.—What is the interval between Noon to-day and Noon to-morrow? A day.

How is a Day divided? Into twenty-four equal parts, called hours.

How do we measure Time as it passes? By the clock.

What is the end of the first hour after Noon? One o'clock.

And the twelfth? Twelve o'clock.

Is the next hour Thirteen o'clock? No.

Why? Because half a day has passed, and it is more convenient to number the hours after mid-night exactly as we numbered the hours after mid-day.

What o'clock is it at Noon? Twelve o'clock again.

How is each Hour divided? Into sixty minutes.

And each Minute? Into sixty seconds.

What do seven Days make? A week.

And two Weeks? A fortnight.

Pronounce in syllables, and spell, the names of the Days of the Week.

Sun'-day, or Sab'-bath.

Mon'-day.

Tues'-day.

Wednes'-day (*Wens'-day*).

Thurs'-day.

Fri'-day.

Sat'-ur-day.

The Year and Months.—What motion has the Earth besides its spinning motion? An onward motion round the Sun.

How could you show the two mo-

tions by means of a top? While it was spinning, I could pass a string round its point and draw it round the table.

How long does the Earth take to make a journey round the Sun? Three hundred and sixty-five days.

What does one such journey make? A Year.

How is the Year divided? Into twelve Months.

Pronounce in syllables, and spell, the names of the Months.

Jan'-u-ar-y.

Feb'-ru-ar-y.

March.

A'-pril.

May.

June.

Ju'-ly.

Aug'-ust.

Sep'-tem'-ber.

Oc-to'-ber.

No-vem'-ber.

De-cem'-ber.

The Seasons.—What have we seen the spinning motion of the Earth cause? The change from day to night.

What does its onward motion cause? The change of the Seasons.

Which is the warmest Season? Summer.

And the coldest? Winter.

What makes the difference between Summer and Winter? In one part of its onward journey, the Earth receives the sun-light more directly on its northern half than on its southern: then the north has Summer, and the south Winter.

What is the case at the opposite point in the journey? The Sun shines more directly on the southern half, and makes it Summer in the south, and Winter in the north.

What Season comes between Summer and Winter? Autumn, during which it becomes colder and colder, and the days grow shorter and shorter.

And between Winter and Summer? Spring, during which it becomes warmer and warmer, and the days grow longer and longer (See "*Geography and Atlas*," p. 8.)

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

In'stant-ly, at once.

Po-lite', well-bred; of good manners.

Prompt-ly, smartly; readily.

Pur'pose-ly, intentionally.

Re-com-men-da-tion, a written character.

A GENTLEMAN oncê advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation* with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many:—

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy.

"He gave up his seat instantly* to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

"He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly* and respectfully; showing that he was polite.*

"He lifted up the book which I had purposely* laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.

"And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

"When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails

were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

QUESTIONS.—What did the gentleman advertise for? How many applied for the place? Why was his friend surprised? What was the boy's first recommendation? And his second? And his third? And his fourth? And his fifth? And his sixth? What did the gentleman say was worth more than fine letters?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

gen'tle-man	num'ber	thought'ful	in-stead'	care'ful-ly
ad-ver-tised'	mis-tak'en	an'swered	push'ing	ob-served'
as-sist'	show'ing	ques'tions	care'ful	hand'some
of-fice	or'der-ly	re-spect'ful-ly	no'ticed	jack-et
near-ly	in-stant-ly	qui-et-ly	mod'est	let'ters

WRITE :—

<i>tipped</i>	<i>orderly</i>	<i>talked</i>
<i>ground</i>	<i>answered</i>	<i>careful</i>
<i>applied</i>	<i>questions</i>	<i>respectfully</i>

ELLIPTICAL EXERCISES.

(Continued from page 145.)

wood	Charles,	you like a walk in the	before
would	dinner?	O yes, very much.	
wade	Did the soldiers,	down with their arms and	
weighed	knapsacks, attempt to	through the river?	
won	I hear that	of you has	the first prize, and
one	the other the second.		
your	Where is the	which I saw in	room a short
ewer	time since?	It was a very pretty one.	
yew	Did	see the	grazing beneath the -tree?
ewe	No; I did not.	When did	see it?
you			



MEDDLESOME MATTY.

A-miss', wrong.

Forth-with', immediately.

Glass-es, spectacles.

Med-dling, touching what she had no business with.

Mis'-chief, harm ; injury.

Qual-i-ties, parts ; points of character.

Re-frain', keep back ; forbear.

Re-pent'-ed, was sorry for what she had done.

She'd, she would.

Sin-cere-ly, truly ; from the heart.

Spied, caught sight of.

Stub'-born, stiff ; difficult to open.

Tilt, raise on one side.

Tin'-gling, throbbing with sharp pain.

Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled
 The sweetest and the best !
 Matilda, though a pleasant child,
 One ugly trick possessed,
 Which, like a cloud before the skies,
 Hid all her better qualities.*

Sometimes she'd* lift the teapot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt* the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling* grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith* she placed upon her nose
The glasses* large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied: *
"Oh, what a pretty box is this!
I'll open it," said little Miss.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Besides, what can there be amiss*
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn* lid;
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief* did;
For all at once, ah, woful case!
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely* she repented.*
In vain she ran about for ease—
She could do nothing else but sneeze!

She dashed the spectacles away,
 To wipe her tingling* eyes,
 And as in twenty bits they lay,
 Her grandmamma she spies.
 "Hey day! and what's the matter now?"
 Cried grandmamma with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
 And tingling still, and sore,
 Made many a promise to refrain*
 From *meddling* evermore.
 And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
 She ever since has kept her word.

MRS. GILBERT.

QUESTIONS.—What was Matilda's one ugly trick? What did her grandmamma leave too near her one day? What did she first do when her grandmamma was gone? What did she then spy? What did she think her grandmamma would have said to her? Why did she not mind this? How was she punished for opening the box? What happened to the spectacles? What promise did she make? Did she keep it?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

sweet'est	tea'pot	mis-take'	o'-pen-ing	dis-mal
Ma-til'-da	ket'tle	spec'ta-cles	pres'-ent-ly	twen'-ty
pleas'-ant	min'-ute	sup-pose'	wo'-ful	smart'-ing
pos-sessed'	med'-dling	pret'-ty	puff'-ing	prom'-ise

WRITE:—

<i>trick</i>	<i>kettle</i>	<i>sight</i>
<i>pleasant</i>	<i>meddle</i>	<i>suppose</i>
<i>smarting</i>	<i>presently</i>	<i>spectacles</i>

HABITS OF FLOWERS.

Ad-mir'-ing, looking at with wonder.
 Ap-point'-ed, fixed.
 Con-stant, unbroken.

Dron'-ish, idle.
 Span'-gled, covered with bright spots.
 Suc-ces'-sion, following in order; series.

NEARLY all flowers turn towards the light, as if they loved it. This can be seen by watching plants

that are standing near a window. The flowers will all be bent towards the light, if the pots are allowed always to stand in the same position. But by turning them round a little every day, while the blossoms are opening, the plants can be made to show flowers on all sides.

Some flowers shut themselves up at night, as if they were going to sleep, and open again in the morning. This is the case with tulips.

The writer was one morning admiring* some flowers that had been sent to him the evening before. Among them were some tulips, and out of one of these, as it opened, flew a bee!

A lazy, dronish* bee he must have been, to be caught in this way, when the flower was closing for the night. Or, perhaps, he had done a hard day's work in gathering honey, and at last had become sleepy. At any rate, he stayed too long in the tulip, and so was shut in for the night.

The little daisy is one of the flowers that close at night; but it is as beautiful and bright as ever, on its "slender stem," when it awakes in the morning. When it shuts itself up, it forms a little green ball, not unlike a pea, and can hardly be known from the green grass amidst which it lies.

But look next morning, and the ball is open, showing, as the poet says, "a golden tuft within a silver crown." It is a very beautiful sight indeed to see the grass spangled* with daisies, shining in the bright sun.

It is said that this flower was at first called *day's*

eye, because it opens its eye at the dawn of day ; and that afterwards the name became *daisy*.

The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night ; and they are folded so closely together in their green coverings, that they look like buds which had never been opened. In places where the sun is very hot, the dandelion shuts itself up even during the day ; and in this way it is sheltered in its green covering from the sun, and kept from fading.

Some flowers hang down their heads at night, as if nodding in their sleep ; but in the morning they lift them up again, to welcome the light. Other flowers have a particular time to open. The evening primrose, for example, is so called because it does not open till evening.

Through spring, summer, and autumn, we have a constant* succession* of flowers, each having its own season, and opening at its appointed* time, every year.

QUESTIONS.—Where do plants naturally turn ? How may a plant be made to flower all round ? What was once found inside a tulip ? How had it got there ? What is the meaning of the word *daisy* ? Why is it so called ? Where does the dandelion shut itself up during the day ? Why ?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

watch'ing	po-si'tion	o'pened	dais'y	par-tic'u-lar
stand'ing	blos'soms	clos'ing	dan-de-li'on	prim-rose
win'dow	dif-fer-ent	gath'er-ing	shel'tered	ex-am-ple
to'wards	tu'lips	sleep'y	wel'come	au'tumn

WRITE :—

<i>habits</i>	<i>daisy</i>	<i>dronish</i>
<i>standing</i>	<i>sheltered</i>	<i>primrose</i>
<i>constant</i>	<i>succession</i>	<i>appointed</i>

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

A-bed', in bed.

Beg-ging her way, supporting herself
and her children by begging during
her journey.

Char-i-ty, alms.—*To ask for charity,*
to beg.

Chill, cold.

Com-plain', find fault ; grumble.

Her par-ish, the district to which she
belonged.

Loi-tered, hung about ; delayed

Si-lent-ly, without saying a word.

“AND wherefore do the Poor complain ?”

The Rich man asked of me ;—

“Come, walk abroad with me,” I said,

“And I will answer thee.”

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets

Were cheerless to behold ;

And we were wrapped and coated well,

And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bareheaded man,

His locks were few and white ;

I asked him what he did abroad

In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said,

But at home no fire had he,

And therefore he had come abroad

To ask for charity.*

We met a young barefooted child,

And she begged loud and bold ;

I asked her what she did abroad

When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,

And he lay sick a-bed,*

And therefore was it she was sent

Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down

Upon a stone to rest ;

She had a baby at her back,

And another at her breast.



I asked her why she loitered* there,
 When the night-wind was so chill ;*
 She turned her head, and bade the child
 That screamed behind, be still ;—

Then told us that her husband served,
 A soldier, far away,
 And therefore to her* parish she
 Was begging* back her way.

I turned me to the Rich man, then,
 For silently* stood he—
 “ You asked me why the Poor complain,
 And these have answered thee !”

SOUTHEY.

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

where'fore	fro'-zen	a-cold'	there'fore	sit' ting
an'-swer	cheer'-less	bare-head'-ed	bare-foot'-ed	an-oth'-er
eve'-ning	be'-hold'	win'-ter	fa'-ther	be'-hind'
sol'-dier	coat'-ed	in-deed'	wom'-an	hus'-band

WRITE :—

<i>coated</i>	<i>turned</i>	<i>parish</i>
<i>frozen</i>	<i>husband</i>	<i>soldier</i>
<i>wrapped</i>	<i>cheerless</i>	<i>bareheaded</i>

THE CANVAS BOAT.

Bale, throw out the water.
 Cap-tured, taken prisoners.
 De-scried', saw.
 De-spair', utter want of hope.
 De-ter-mined, fixed; resolved.
 Dis-may', disappointment.
 Fam-ine, utter want of food.
 Ghast-ly, pale; death-like.

Launch'-ing, setting afloat.
 Min-or'-ca, one of the Bale-ar-ic is-lands, off the east coast of Spain.
 Res'-cued, brought out of danger; delivered.
 Re-vived', arose again.
 Til'-ler, the handle for turning the helm.

PART I.

MORE than two hundred years ago, seven English sailors were captured* by pirates, and carried off to Algiers, on the coast of Africa. Here they spent

five miserable years, during which they were treated not only as prisoners, but as slaves.

At length, they could bear their hard fate no longer. They had no hope either of being set free by their masters, or of being rescued* by their friends. They therefore resolved to make their escape.

They were watched so closely, and kept so hard at work, that this was very difficult indeed. But any fate would be better than bondage; and the difficulties they met with only made them more determined* to succeed.

Their plan was, to make a boat in separate parts; and to carry these to the coast, and join them together there. By good luck it happened that one of them had got the use of a cellar, in which to store the goods that he sold for his master's benefit. Here the captives met, as often as they could, to talk over their plans; and here, in their stolen half hours, they made their preparations.

First, they made a keel, in two parts; then they made the ribs. They were afraid that if they covered these with boards, the noise of their hammering would let out their secret. So they got as much stout canvas as would make a double covering for their little skiff; and, in order to make it watertight, they first soaked it in tallow, and then covered it with pitch.

As they could work very little at their boat each day, and often whole days passed without their being able to touch it, it was a very long time before it was finished. At last everything was

ready, and they were in high spirits. When they had found a piece of cloth that would make a sail, they thought themselves the luckiest fellows in the world.

Secretly, and in the dark, they carried their boat, piece by piece, to a quiet valley about half a mile from the sea. Here they put the pieces together, and bore their boat in triumph to the shore. On launching* it, what was their dismay* to find that their tiny craft would carry at most only five of their number!

They cast lots to settle who were to be left behind; and, after a sad leave-taking, the little crew set sail, promising, if they ever reached home, to make the case of their comrades known. The only provisions they were able to take with them were two leather bottles of fresh water, and a little bread.

QUESTIONS.—By whom were the English sailors captured? Where were they sent? How many years were they kept there? How were they treated? What did they at last resolve to do? What was their plan? Where did they make their preparations? Why did they use a canvas covering? What did they find on launching their boat? How did they settle who were to be left?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

sail'ors	re-solved'	sep'a-rate	prep-a-ra'tions	tri-umph
Al-giers'	e-scape'	hap-pened	ham-mer-ing	prom-is-ing
Af-ri-ca	dif-fi-cult	ben'e-fit	fin'-ished	com'-rades
pris'on-ers	bond'-age	cap'tives	luck'-i-est	pro-vi'sions

WRITE:—

<i>slaves</i>	<i>dismay</i>	<i>luckiest</i>
<i>soaked</i>	<i>Algiers</i>	<i>difficult</i>
<i>watched</i>	<i>approach</i>	<i>provisions</i>

PART II.

THEY soon found that their boat leaked very much, and that it needed constant labour to bale* it. Before they had been three days afloat, their stock of bread was spoiled by the salt water; and the fresh water had become stale, and hardly fit for drinking.

There was scarcely any wind to help them; and the labour of rowing with rude oars, under a broiling sun, soon began to tell upon the strongest arms and the stoutest hearts amongst them.

The island of Minorca* was the place to which they had tried to steer their course, by the help of a pocket-compass during the day, and of the stars by night.

Five days had gone, nor were there any signs of land. On every side the glittering waters stretched away as far as they could see. Famine* stared them in the face.

It is no wonder that hope died out in their hearts. They threw down their oars in despair.* They crouched down in the bottom of the boat, their ghastly* faces showing that the end was not far off.

Will Adams, their leader, was the last to give in. His hand still nervously grasped the tiller,* and his eye was bent eagerly towards the horizon.

Suddenly he called out, "Cheer up, lads! we have one chance more. Do you see that dark speck in the shining waters ahead? I am much mistaken if it is not a turtle."

Silently every man seized his oar, and settled to his work. They rowed very quietly towards the creature, and seized it before it was aware of their

approach. At once they cut off its head, fed upon its flesh, and drank its blood.

Hope revived* in their hearts, as they found their strength returning. They plied their oars with all their might; and ere many hours had passed, the eagle eye of Adams descried* a thin gray line stretching along between sea and sky.

Before night, they felt sure that it was land; and morning showed them the rugged mountains of Minorca distinctly against the sky. By ten o'clock that night they had landed; and "gave thanks unto Him who had brought them unto the haven where they would be."

The Spaniards supplied them with food, and treated them with the greatest kindness. In due time they were sent to England in one of the King's ships. The canvas boat was placed as a memorial in the great church in Minorca, where its ribs and skeleton were seen by a traveller more than one hundred years afterwards.

QUESTIONS.—What needed constant labour after they had sailed? How did they steer? Where did they try to go? After how many days' rowing did they lose all hope? What revived them? What did they see the same night? What did they do on landing? What was done with the canvas boat?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

con'stant	broil'ing	glit'-ter-ing	mis-tak'en	moun'tains
la'bour	stroñ'-gest	ner'-vous-ly	ap-proach'	Span'iards
scarce-ly	Min-or'-ca	ho-ri'-zon	re-turn'ing	me-mo'-ri-al
row'ing	com'pass	sud'-den-ly	stretch'ing	skel'e-ton

WRITE:—

<i>leaked</i>	<i>rugged</i>	<i>horizon</i>
<i>silently</i>	<i>strength</i>	<i>skeleton</i>
<i>stretched</i>	<i>distinctly</i>	<i>Spaniards</i>

THE RAIN LESSON.

Ab-sorbed', swallowed up.

Car'-a-van, a company of travellers.

Grove, a small wood; a group of trees.

Spent, empty.

"MOTHER, it rains!" and tears like rain fell down.

"O little daughter! see, the plants rejoice;

The rose-buds blush, and in your garden-bed

The drooping violets look so gladly up,

Blessing our God for rain. He knows what's best."

"Yes, mother, He knows everything; and so

He surely knows there's but one afternoon

In all the week that I can have from school;

And 'tis the third that I've had leave to go

And play with Mary, if it did not rain,

And gather wild-flowers in her father's grove,*

And now it rains again."

The mother took

The mourner on her knee, and kissed away

The blinding grief. And then she told her tales

Of the great Eastern deserts parched and dry,

And how the traveller 'mid the burning sands

Watches for rain-clouds with a fainting gaze;

And showed her pictures of the caravan,*

And the poor camel with his out-stretched neck

Longing for water.

And she told her, too,

Of the sad mother in the wilderness,

And the spent* water-bottle;—how she laid

Her darling son among the shrubs to die,

Bowing her head down that she might not see

The agony of the long death from thirst;

And how the blessed Angel, when she prayed,

Showed her a crystal well to save her child.

And other stories from the Book of God

Breathed that kind teacher to the listening one,

Seated so meek beside her :—how there fell
 No rain in Israel, till the grass decayed,
 And the brooks wasted, and the cattle died ;
 And good Elijah with his earnest prayer
 Besought the Lord, till the consenting cloud
 Gave rain, and thankful earth her fruits restored.

And then they sang a hymn ; and, full of joy,
 The baby, crowing from his nurse's arms,
 Came in and joined them, creeping merrily
 After his little sister ; till, her pain
 Of disappointment all absorbed* in love,
 She thanked her mother for the pleasant time
 And for her tender lessons.

So that night,
 Amid her simple prayer, they heard her say
 Words of sweet praise to Him whose mercy gives
 The blessed rain :—“ For now I know, O God,
 What pleases thee is best.”

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

QUESTIONS.—Why did the little girl weep? What did her mother tell her? Why was the girl angry that it rained? What did her mother tell her about the deserts? What about the sad mother in the wilderness? What about the drought in Israel? Who had prayed to God for rain then? What did they then do? Who joined them? How was the girl's disappointment removed? What words did she put in her prayer that night?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

moth'er	sure'ly	East'ern	wil'der-ness	lis'ten-ing
daugh'ter	af-ter-noon'	des'erts	an'gel	Is-ra-el
re-joice'	gath'er	trav-el-ler	crys'tal	E-li-jah
vi'o-lets	mourn'er	faint'ing	sto-ries	con-sent'ing

WRITE :—

<i>grief</i>	<i>thirst</i>	<i>brooks</i>
<i>camel</i>	<i>agony</i>	<i>restored</i>
<i>pictures</i>	<i>crystal</i>	<i>besought</i>

**THE ELEPHANT.****Con-tent', satisfied.****Mis'-chief, harm.**

THE home of the elephant is in the deep shady forest.

It is the largest of all land animals, and is found both in Asia and in Africa.

One of the chief places in Asia where the elephant is found is the island of Ceylon. In this beautiful island, which is as large as Ireland, there are vast forests, which form the home of thousands of elephants.

In these forests the trees grow thick and tall, so as to make many parts almost dark, while bright sunlight is above and around them.

The elephant likes the deep shady part of the forest, and seeks the coolest places that can be found. There he will stand flapping his ears, to drive away the flies; or he will pull down a bough from a tree to fan himself.

He is fond, too, of bathing, and likes to be near a lake or running water, where he will stand for hours together sucking up the water with his trunk, and spouting it all over his body.

He is fond of the fruits which grow in the forest, but he also eats the leaves and the young tender boughs of the trees. There is plenty of food for him in his native forests, though he is not always content* with what he finds there.

When the crops of rice and Indian corn are getting ripe, he often does a great deal of mischief.* At night he comes out of the forest and breaks into a garden or field. He soon tears down the fence, and marches over the field, eating as much as he can, and trampling down more than he eats. Next morning the owner of the field awakes, to find that the elephant has been there, and has gone back to the forest, leaving his crops all destroyed.

When a herd of elephants moves about in the forest, the oldest of the herd goes first. The young elephants and their mothers are put in the middle of the troop, where they are safest. Then all march along with a great trampling noise, the boughs of

the trees bending and breaking before them. Though the elephant is commonly quiet and harmless, no one dares to attack a herd of elephants marching through the forest.

In Asia the elephant is tamed and made to work. At one time the African elephant also was tamed. Soldiers in ancient times often went to battle mounted on the backs of African elephants. But now the elephant that lives in Africa is hunted chiefly for its valuable ivory tusks.

QUESTIONS.—Where is the home of the elephant? How does it rank amongst land animals? In what continents is it found? Where is it chiefly found in Asia? What part of the forest does the elephant prefer? Why does he like to be near a water? What food does he eat? At what time does he often do great mischief? Which elephant marches at the head of a herd? Which are put in the middle? Where is the elephant tamed, and made to work? For what is the African elephant now chiefly hunted?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

el'e-phant	for'ests	tram'pling	com'mon-ly	Af'ri-can
sha'dy	suck'ing	a-wakes'	harm'less	val'u-a-ble
Cey-lon'	gar'den	de-destroyed'	march'ing	i'vo-ry

WRITE :—

<i>bough</i>	<i>owner</i>	<i>troop</i>
<i>Ceylon</i>	<i>Ireland</i>	<i>attack</i>
<i>bathing</i>	<i>destroyed</i>	<i>valuable</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

fruits moth'er tem'per right

MASTER your , lest it master you.

What is not must be wrong.

Deeds are , words are but leaves.

Sloth is the of poverty.



ELEPHANTS IN A CORRAL.

CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON.

Bran'-dish, wave, flourish about.

Cor'-ral, a huge enclosure, to entrap elephants.

En-tice', tempt; allure.

Ex-tends', stretches away.

Penned, shut in; cooped up.

IN catching wild elephants in Ceylon, the natives choose a place near to the forest, and make a fence round it, each post in the fence being the trunk of a tree. Sometimes the space enclosed is so great that the fence extends* for several miles! The space inside the fence is called a corral.* There are openings like great door-ways left in it, by which the elephants are to get in when they come rushing towards it.

When the corral has been made ready, the elephants begin to see blazing lights all around them. These are the fires that the natives have made to frighten the elephants.

The fires seem at first a long way off. But they come nearer and nearer, until the poor elephants are hemmed in by fires on all sides but one. Behind the flames are crowds of men, with white shining sticks and spears in their hands. The men knock these sticks about, and brandish* their spears, all the time making a great shouting noise, to frighten the elephants as much as they can.

The elephants look about, to see how they can escape. Only one way is left open, and the whole herd sets off down it with a furious rush. That one way leads them to the corral! As soon as they are in the corral, the natives bar up the door-ways, and the poor elephants are penned* in, as securely as if they were in a prison.

One by one they must be got out, and this is done with the help of tame elephants which were once caught in the corral themselves; but since then they have been well taught, and are now quite willing to help to catch their old friends of the forest.

When one of the elephants has been got out, the natives bar the door-way behind him. He rushes about in a great fury; but the tame elephants then come, one on each side of him, and stroke him with their trunks, and seem to talk to him.

He becomes a little quieter while they are with him. By-and-by they entice* him to follow them away from the corral. When they come to a good

strong tree they stop. The natives keep close behind, and contrive to slip a strong rope round one of his legs, and then to coil it round and round the tree. As soon as he is tied fast, his false friends leave him. He tries to follow them; and when he finds that he cannot, he roars, and struggles as if he would pull the tree down!

The natives soon come back, and bring him cocoa-nuts and plenty of green leaves to eat. At first he is too angry to eat, and he tosses the cocoanuts about, and tramples them under his feet; but in spite of his rage he cannot help getting hungry. By-and-by he is glad to take all the nuts and good things the natives bring him. In a few days he begins to be tame and gentle; and in a little time he can be made to do anything his master likes. One by one the other elephants in the corral are let out and tamed in the same way.

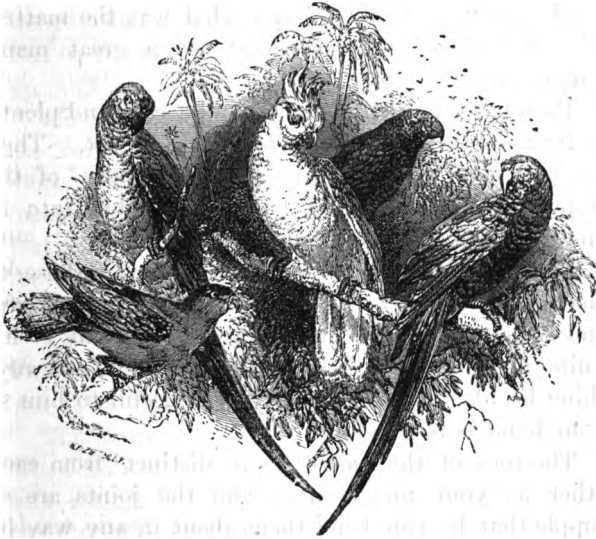
QUESTIONS.—What is a corral? Why are openings left in it? Why do the natives make fires round the troop of elephants? Where does the only way left open to them lead to? What is done when they are in the corral? With what help are they taken out? What does an elephant do when taken out of the corral? How do the tame ones treat him? When do they leave him? What does he then do? What do the natives then give him?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

catch'ing	rush'ing	e-scape'	fu'ry	gen'tle
na'tives	sev'er-al	fu'ri-ous	mas'ter	hun'gry
en-closed'	blaz'ing	con-trive'	strug-gles	plen'ty

WRITE :—

<i>space</i>		<i>whole</i>		<i>coil</i>
<i>blazing</i>		<i>corral</i>		<i>tramples</i>
<i>frighten</i>		<i>contrive</i>		<i>anything</i>



THE PARROT.

Dis-tinct', separate.

E-spe-cial-ly, in a high degree; most of all.

Flits, darts, or flies quickly.

Ker-nel, the soft part; inside of the shell of a nut.

Plum-ing, picking and dressing.

Roost, sleep, or rest on a branch.

PARROTS abound in the forests of South America. They live where there is summer all the year round, where the leaves are always green, and the flowers are always blooming. There the bright little humming-bird may be seen darting about in the sunshine. And at night the fire-fly flits* to and fro, shining like a tiny star.

The parrot makes his home in the forest, because he can find shade there in the heat of the day. If you were going through the forest, you would hear such a noise and chattering in the boughs over your

head, that you would wonder what was the matter. If you looked up, you would see a great many parrots sitting on the boughs.

Parrots feed chiefly on fruit and seeds; and plenty of fruit grows in the forest for them to eat. They are very fond of the wild cherry, especially* of the stope. They drive their hard, strong bill into it, and get the kernel* out in a minute.

The bill of the parrot seems made on purpose to enable him to crack these stones. It is very sharp, and is hooked at the end. In fact, his bill is his knife, and his foot is his fork. He can hold anything he likes in his foot. It is as useful to him as your hand is to you.

The toes of the parrot are as distinct* from each other as your fingers are; and the joints are so supple that he can bend them about in any way he pleases. If it were not for his foot, he could never climb the trees as he does. He hooks himself on to a branch overhead by his bill. Then he lays hold of a bough with his foot, and pulls himself up. He goes on climbing in this way till he gets to the top of the tree.

Parrots are very fond of bathing. They fly about till they find some clear pool or stream. Then they enjoy themselves very much indeed. They dip into the water, and splash it all over their feathers. When they are tired of bathing, they sit in the sun and dress their feathers till they are dry.

In the middle of the day, the heat becomes very great. Then the parrots fly into the deepest shade they can find. They perch on the trees and go to

sleep. The chattering ceases, and the forest is still. But in the evening, when the sun is down, they wake up, and are as noisy and as lively as ever.

They sup, as they breakfasted, upon the kernels of the fruits; and then they go to the water to bathe once more. Again follows the business of pluming* their feathers; and after this they go to rest for the night. But they do not roost* in the branches where they took their mid-day nap. Their sleeping-room is a hollow in a tree, scooped out by the woodpecker.

As many parrots go in as the hollow will contain. The rest hook themselves to the bark by their claws and bills, and hang there during the night.

The parrot lays her eggs in these hollow trees. She does not make a nest, but is content with the soft rotten wood; and the whole flock lay their eggs together in the same tree.

QUESTIONS.—Where do parrots abound? How long does summer last there? Where does the parrot make his home? Why? What is his chief food? For what purpose does his bill seem to have been made? What has he for a fork? How does he use his bill in climbing? What do the parrots do in the heat of the day? What is the last thing they do before going to rest at night? What is their sleeping-room? Where do they lay their eggs?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

par'-rots	chief'-ly	use'-ful	feath'-ers	live'-ly
for'-ests	plen'-ty	fin'-gers	mid'-dle	break'-fast-ed
bloom'-ing	min'-ute	pleas'-es	ex'-treme-ly	fol'-lows
dart'-ing	en-a'-ble	climb'-ing	deep'-est	mid'-day
won'-der	pur'-pose	bath'-ing	ceas'-es	wood'-peck-er
mat'-ter	an'-y-thing	them-selves'	nois'-y	con-tent'

WRITE :—

<i>knife</i>	<i>purpose</i>	<i>especially</i>
<i>joints</i>	<i>climbing</i>	<i>extremely</i>
<i>forests</i>	<i>themselves</i>	<i>woodpecker</i>

THE PARROT IN EXILE.

A-dieu', farewell (literally, to God).

Do-main', land; district.

Mull'-a's shore, the Island of Mull, on the west coast of Scotland. [care of.

Pet'-ted, made a pet of; taken great

Re-splen'-dent, shining brightly.

Seem'-ing, apparently.

Span-ish Main, the coast of South

America belonging to Spain. [rocks.

Surf, the swell of the sea breaking upon

A PARROT from the Spanish Main,*

Full young and early caged, came o'er

With bright wings to the bleak domain*

Of Mulla's* shore.

To spicy groves where he had won

His plumage of resplendent* hue,

His native fruits, and skies, and sun,

He bade adieu.*

For these he changed the smoke of turf,

A heathery land and misty sky,

And turned on rocks and raging surf*

His golden eye.

But petted* in our climate cold,

He lived and chattered many a day;

Until, with age, from green and gold

His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind, and seeming* dumb,

He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,

A Spanish stranger chanced to come

To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;

The bird in Spanish speech replied,

Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,

Dropt down, and died!—CAMPBELL.

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

ear'-ly

na'-tive

rag'-ing

chat'-tered

stran'-ger

spic'-y

heath'-er-y

gold'-en

man'-y

re-plied'

plum'-age

mist'-y

cli'-mate

scold'-ed

joy'-ous

WRITE:—

screech

domain

misty

laughed

plumage

chattered

chanced

heathery

resplendent



STORIES OF THE ELEPHANT.

PART II.

Ac-cus'-tomed, used.

A-muse'-ment, sport ; fun.

Ex-pect'-ed, looked for.

File, line, or row, one behind another.

In the rear, behind him.

Out of hu'-mour, ill tempered.

Piece of ar-til'-ler-y, a great gun.

Reg'-u-lar-ly, duly ; every time it passed.

Wit'-nessed, saw ; beheld.

IN the city of Delhi, in India, a tailor was in the habit of giving some fruit to an elephant, that daily passed the place where he sat at work. So accustomed* had the animal become to this, that it regularly* put its trunk in at the window, to receive the expected* gift.

One day, however, the tailor, being out* of humour, thrust his needle into the elephant's trunk, telling it to be gone, as he had nothing to give it.

The elephant passed quietly on ; but on coming

to a pool of dirty water near by, it filled its trunk and returned. Thrusting its huge head in at the window, it half drowned the poor tailor by pouring a flood of water over him, to the great amusement* of those who witnessed* the scene !

An army in India was marching up a hill. The large guns, which were very heavy, were drawn by elephants. There was a long train of those animals in regular file,* one close behind the other, each drawing its piece* of artillery.

On the carriage of one of the guns a soldier was sitting, a little in front of a wheel. The man, being very tired, dropped asleep, and fell from his seat.

The wheel of the carriage, loaded with its heavy gun, was just on the point of rolling over his body. There was no time to get him out of the way.

The elephant in* the rear, seeing the danger, but unable to reach the man with its trunk, seized the wheel, and lifting it up, passed it carefully over him, and set it down a little beyond !

QUESTIONS.—Who is that in the picture sitting by the window? What is the elephant throwing over him? Where did he get it? How did he carry it? What had the man done to the elephant? Was this how he generally treated him? Where did this happen?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

tai'lor
win'dow

nee'dle
be-yond'

sol'dier
re-ceive'

qui-et-ly
pour-ing

a-sleep'
car-riage

WRITE:—

receive

expected

accustomed

quietly

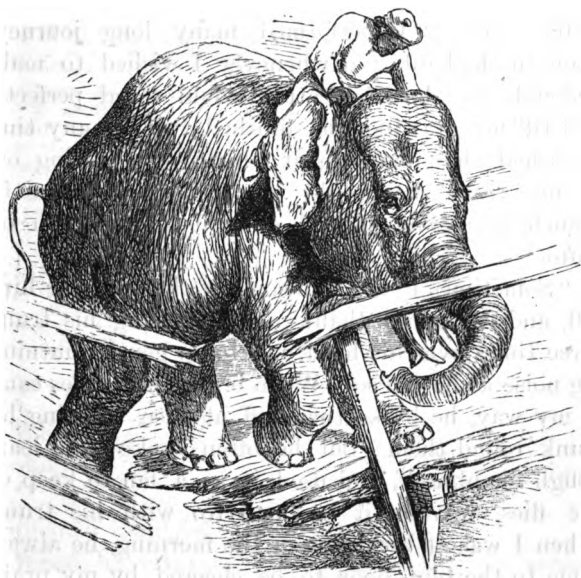
humour

pouring

asleep

carriage

witnessed



Do-cile, easily managed.

Go-ring, pricking.

An elephant was in the habit of passing over a small bridge leading from his master's house into a town in India. He one day refused to go over it, and it was only by cruelly goring* him with a spear, that he could be forced to venture on the bridge, the strength of which he first tried with his trunk, showing that he suspected something. At last he went on, but before he could get over, the bridge gave way, and both the elephant and his driver were cast into the ditch. The fall killed the driver, and very much injured the elephant.

An Englishman who 'travelled a great deal in

India, says: "I performed many long journeys upon an elephant, and whenever I wished to make a sketch, the docile* creature would stand perfectly still till my drawing was finished. If at any time I wished ripe mango-fruit which was growing out of my reach, he would select the most fruitful branch, break it off, and offer it to me with his trunk.

"Sometimes I gave him some of the fruit for himself, and he would thank me by raising his trunk three times over his head, making a gentle murmuring noise as he did so. When branches of trees came in my way, he broke them off at once, twisting his trunk round them; but he often broke off a leafy bough for himself, and used it as a fan to keep off the flies, waving it to and fro with his trunk. When I was at breakfast in the morning, he always came to the tent door to be cheered by my praise and caresses, and to receive fruit and sugar-candy."

QUESTIONS.—How was the elephant forced to venture on the bridge? How had he shown that he suspected something? What happened when he went on it? What befell the driver? and the elephant?—What did another elephant do when his master wished to make a sketch? or to get mango-fruit? What did he do when he got some of the fruit? What use did he sometimes make of a leafy bough?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

hab'it	cru'al-ly	sus-pect'ed	per-formed'	fin'ished
pass'ing	ven'ture	dri-ver	jour-neys	fruit'ful
re-fused'	show'ing	in'jured	per'fect-ly	twist'ing

WRITE :—

<i>spear</i>		<i>sketch</i>		<i>trunk</i>
<i>bridge</i>		<i>select</i>		<i>cheered</i>
<i>something</i>		<i>fruitful</i>		<i>caresses</i>

RALEIGH'S TWO PLANTS.

By de-grees', bit by bit.
Dead'ly night'-shade, a poisonous
plant.
Del'-uged, covered completely.
Ex-plain', make him understand.

Per-fec'tion, as good as it could be
made.
Poi-son-ous, causing death.
Reign, the time a king or queen is on
the throne.

IN the reign* of Queen Elizabeth, two plants were brought to England; for the first time, by Sir Walter Raleigh, both of which are now very much used—the tobacco-plant and the potato. Sir Walter had sailed across the seas to America, in search of new lands; and he brought back both these plants with him.

When he was in America, he had seen the Indians smoke, and before long he acquired the habit himself. He became extremely fond of smoking, and frequently indulged in the practice.

When he returned to England, he was sitting by the fire one day, and began to smoke. In the middle of his smoking, the door opened, and in came his man-servant. Now, this man had never in his life seen any one smoke, and did not know that there was such a plant as tobacco. So, when he saw the smoke coming from his master's mouth, he thought that he was on fire! He cried out in alarm, and ran to fetch a bucket of water to put the fire out; and Sir Walter was deluged* before he had time to explain* what he was really doing.

But very soon the old servant got used to seeing people with smoke coming out of their mouths; and all the young nobles of the court began to smoke because Sir Walter did so.



THE TOBACCO PLANT.

At first, people did not like the potato at all : nobody would eat it. Yet Sir Walter told them how useful it would be. The potato, he said, could be made to grow in England. He told them that, when the corn-harvest failed—which it often used to do—people need not starve if they had plenty of potatoes.

Queen Elizabeth, who was a very clever woman, listened to what Sir Walter said, and had potatoes served up at her own table. There the grand people who dined with her majesty were obliged to eat them. But they spread a report that the potato was poisonous,* because it belongs to the same order as the deadly nightshade* and many other poisonous* plants. So, in spite of all that the Queen



THE POTATO PLANT.

could do, no one would eat potatoes, and they were left for the pigs.

The people did not find out their mistake till many years afterwards. The poor potato was despised and forgotten till the reign of the French king Louis XVI., when there lived a Frenchman who had made a study of growing plants for food. He felt sure that he could make the potato a great blessing to the country; and he began at once to try.

After a great deal of trouble he succeeded. People laughed at him at first, and would not take any notice of what he said. But he went on growing the potato till he brought it to perfection.* Even then no one would have eaten it, if its part had not been taken by the king. He had large pieces

of ground planted with potatoes, and went about with the flower of the potato in his button-hole.

No one dared to laugh at the king; and when he said that potatoes were to be eaten, people began to find out how good and wholesome they were. By degrees the potato was more and more liked; and now there is hardly any vegetable that is more highly esteemed.

QUESTIONS. — What were the two plants which Raleigh brought to England? Where did he bring them from? What did his servant think when he saw him smoking? What did he do? When did Raleigh say the potato would be most useful? Where were the grand people obliged to eat potatoes? What report did they spread about them? For what were they then left? Who showed people their mistake? What French king took the part of the potato?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

E-liz-a-beth	A-mer-i-ca	use-ful	o-blighed'	'suc-ceed-ed
En-gland	In-dians	har-vest	re-port'	whole-some
Ra-leigh	smok-ing	plen-ty	poi-son-ous	veg-e-ta-ble
to-bac-co	buck-et	list-ened	de-spised'	plant-ed
po-ta-to	serv-ant	maj-es-ty	for-got-ten	but-ton

WRITE :—

<i>reign</i>	<i>potato</i>	<i>vegetable</i>
<i>Queen</i>	<i>tobacco</i>	<i>poisonous</i>
<i>French</i>	<i>majesty</i>	<i>wholesome</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

tree	lit-tle	com-pa-ny	feasts	wheel
keeps	fast	noise	trav-el	climb

Better to be alone than in bad

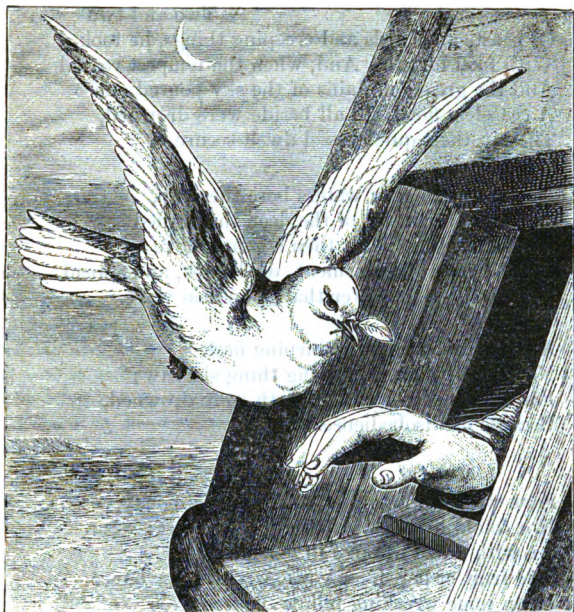
He who grasps too much, holds

He that till he is sick, must till he is well.

He that can well afoot a good horse.

The worst of the cart makes the most

If you wish to have the fruit, you must learn to the



THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

"TELL me a story, please," my little girl
Lisp'd from her cradle. So I bent me down,
And told her how it rained, and rained, and rained,
Till all the flowers were covered, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge rolled ;
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God.

But one good man,
Who long had warned the wicked to repent,
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an ark ; and thither, with his wife
And children, turned for safety.

Two and two
Of beasts and birds and creeping things, he took,
With food for all. And, when the tempest roared,
And the great fountains of the sky poured out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.

And so the mighty waters bore them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lovely pinion o'er that boundless wave.

All was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw;
For all the people of the earth were drowned,
Because of disobedience.

Naught she spied,
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest:
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which perchance
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.

The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,
Had wondered at her absence.

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thoughts
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curled her parted lip.

And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds

Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired ark
 Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
 Reposed, and Noah with glad spirit reared
 An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
 When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
 That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
 And pure cheek pressed to mine, she fondly says,
 "Tell me the story of the Dove."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

QUESTIONS.—Why was the rain sent to cover the earth? What had one good man done? How did he know to do that? Who went into the ark with him? What did he take with him? What bird was allowed to escape from the ark? Why did she return to it? What did she bring in her mouth? Where had she probably found it? What did the dove do when the waters dried? Where did the ark rest? What did Noah do?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

cra-dle	del-uge	thith'er	tem'pest	per-chance
flow'ers	re-fused'	chil'dren	foun'tains	right'eous
peo-ple	wick-ed	safe'ty	cease-less	won'dered
fear-ful	re-pent'	creep-ing	dis-o-be-di-ence	ab-sence

WRITE:—

<i>dwelt</i>	<i>naught</i>	<i>breezy</i>
<i>pinion</i>	<i>peaceful</i>	<i>Ararat</i>
<i>wicked</i>	<i>wrecking</i>	<i>loveliness</i>

PROVERBS—(Elliptical).

can'-not	sense	pound
vir'-tue	slaves	long

Most men are because they say "No."

He liveth that liveth well.

An ounce of is worth a of wit.

The path of is the path of peace.

NO PAY, NO WORK.

Ad-dressed', spoken to.

As-cent', road up hill.

Con'-science, sense of duty.

De-tained', kept back ; delayed.

Dis-cov'-ered, found ; saw for the first time.

Grat'-i-tude, good-will, in return for a good act.

Grist, corn ready to be ground.

Punc-tu-al, exact in time.

Re-mark'-a-ble, well known ; noted.

Tongue, shaft or pole.

"LITTLE boy, will you help an old man up the hill with his load?" These words were spoken by an old gray-headed man, who was drawing a hand-cart with a bag of corn in it.

"I can't ; I am in a hurry," said Hanson, the boy addressed,* who was hurrying to get to the school-yard, that he might play with the boys before school began.

The old man sat down on a stone at the foot of the hill, to rest himself and gather strength for the ascent.* He gazed after Hanson, and sighed as he thought of the days of his youth, now far back in the past. A tear was beginning to gather in his eye, when another little boy, John Wilson, came up to him and said, "Shall I help you up the hill with your load?"

The old man brushed his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and replied, "I shall be very glad to have your help." He then arose, and taking the tongue* of his cart, pulled with all his strength, while John pushed behind.

When they reached the top of the hill, John discovered* a rent in the bag on the under side, from which the corn was dropping out ; and, putting forth all his strength, he turned the bag, so that there might be no further loss of corn.

"I am much obliged to you," said the old man, as John set out upon a run for the school-house; "and may the Lord reward you." But John was out of hearing before the last words were spoken.

When John reached the school-house, he was about ten minutes too late; for which he received a mark. This was a very unusual thing for him, as he was remarkable* for being punctual.* If he had told the master what had detained* him, he would have been excused; but he thought it would look a little like boasting to do so. So he took the mark without saying a word.

When the school was out, Hanson said to John, "For what did you get a mark?"

"Because I was too late," said John.

"I know that; but why were you not in time? I saw you at the foot of the hill, only a little way behind me. I suppose you stopped to help old Stevenson up the hill with his grist?" He tried to stop me; but *I* don't work for nothing."

"Nor I either."

"Oh! you got a mark from the school-master. Do you call that pay for your work?"

"You don't know what else I got."

"*Did* you get anything else?"

"I did not do it expecting to get anything for it."

"Why did you do it, then?"

"Because I thought I ought to help the poor old man."

"If you have a mind to be such a fool as to work

for nothing, you may. *No pay, no work*, is my rule."

To be kind and useful is my rule, John might have said with truth ; but he did not say so. Nor did John really work for nothing when he performed acts of kindness. In the first place, he had the approval of his conscience ;* which was worth something. In the second place, he had the pleasure of doing good ; which was also worth something. In the third place, he had the gratitude* and love of many ; also worth something. And lastly, and best of all, he had the approval of God, who has promised that even a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall not lose its reward.

ALDEN.

QUESTIONS.—What did Hanson say when the old man asked his help? Who offered to help the man? What did John discover when they got to the top of the hill? What did he do? What did the old man say as John ran off? Why did John receive a mark from the master? How might he have been excused? Why did he not do so? What reason did Hanson give for not having helped the old man? What reason did John give for having done it? What was Hanson's rule? What was John's? What were the four things which John gained by doing acts of kindness?

PRONOUNCE in syllables :—

spo-ken	drop-ping	un-u'su-al	ex-pect-ing
draw-ing	o-blived'	ex-cused'	per-formed'
gath'er	re-ward'	boast-ing	kind'-ness
be-gin'-ning	min'-utes	sup-pose'	ap-prov'-al
re-plied'	re-ceived'	noth-ing	plea-sure

DICTATION :—

Hanson's rule was, No pay, no work. John's rule was, To be kind and useful. He had for his reward the approval of his conscience, and the pleasure of doing good.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Ac-cents, words, or voice.

Boun-ty, goodness.

Chide, blame ; or look angrily

Em-ploy, work to be paid for.

Gasped, panted.

Pride, that of which one is proud ; fa-

Proud, splendid ; glorious. [vourite.

Shud-der-ing, trembling with fear.

Wake, rouse ; excite.

Were I, if I were.

STAY, lady ! stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale ;
 Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake*—
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,*
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;
 But in the Nile's proud* fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame !
 To force me home my mother sought—
 She could not bear to see my joy ;
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud—
 My mother, shuddering,* closed her ears ;
 " Rejoice ! rejoice !" still cried the crowd—
 My mother answered with her tears.
 " Oh, why do tears steal down your cheek,"
 Cried I, " while others shout for joy ?"—
 She kissed me, and, in accents* weak,
 She called me her poor orphan boy.

" What is an orphan boy ?" I said,—
 When suddenly she gasped* for breath,
 And her eyes closed ;—I shrieked for aid,—
 But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death !
 My hardships since I will not tell ;
 But now, no more a parent's joy,
 Ah, lady ! I have learned too well
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy !

Oh, were* I by your bounty* fed !—
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;*
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ? *—
 Look down, dear parents! look and see
 Your happy, happy orphan boy.—MRS. OPIE.

QUESTIONS.—What made the boy's cheek so pale? Where had his father died? Why could his mother not bear to see his joy for Nelson's victory? What did she call him? What happened when he asked her what that meant? Did he beg bread from the lady? How did he mean to obtain it? What did the lady promise him?

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

mer'-cy	fool'-ish	win'-dows	sud'-den-ly
help'-less	Nel'-son	re-joice'	hard'-ship
or'-phan	vic'-to-ry	an'-swered	pa'-rent

DICTATION:—

*"What is an orphan boy?" I said,—
 When suddenly she gasped for breath,
 And her eyes closed;—I shrieked for aid,—
 But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!*

LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.

Cap'-tive, prisoner.
 Ram'-ble, wander; roam.

To no pur'-pose, in vain.
 Vic'-tims, things sacrificed.

LITTLE DICK,—what a gay fellow he was! He used to go about singing and whistling the whole day long. He was always merry, and scarcely anything could make him sad.

One day, little Dick thought that he would have a ramble* in the forest, at some distance from his home. So off he set in high spirits, singing and whistling till he made the woods ring again.

At last he reached a clear brook that ran through the wood; and being thirsty, he stooped to drink. But just at that moment, he was suddenly seized from behind; and he found himself in the hands of a great, tall giant, a hundred times as big as himself! The giant looked at him with great delight, and then put him into a large bag, and carried him off.

Poor Dicky tried all he could to get out of the bag, but to* no purpose. He screamed, he struggled, he tried to tear the bag; but the giant only laughed at him for his pains, and went on, holding him fast.

At last the giant came to his house,—a gloomy-looking place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in, he shut the door, and took Dicky out of the bag.

The poor captive* now thought that his time was come; for when he looked round he saw a large fire, and before it two victims* larger than himself roasting for the giant's dinner. The giant, however, did not kill Dick, but only put him into a prison which he had prepared for him.

The prison was quite dark, with bars all round it; and the only food in it was a piece of dry bread and a cup of water. Dick beat his head against the iron bars, and dashed backwards and forwards, and felt very wretched.

Next day, the giant came and looked at Dick; and finding that he had eaten none of the bread, he took him by the head, and crammed some of it down his throat! Poor Dick was too much frightened to think of eating or drinking.

He was left all alone in the dark another day,

and a sad day it was. The poor creature thought of his own home, his companions, the sunlight, the trees, the flowers, and the many nice things he used to eat; and then he screamed, and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat and tore himself.

The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing as he used to do, and be happy and merry. "Sing, sing, sing!" said he. But Dick was much too sad to sing. A prison is no place in which to sing songs. At last the giant grew angry, and took Dick out to force him to sing. Dick gave a loud scream, plunged and struggled, and then sank dead in the giant's hand!

This is a true story.—Poor Dicky was a *little bird*, and the giant was a *cruel boy*.

The Youth's Friend.

QUESTIONS.—What kind of fellow was little Dick? What used he to do the whole day long? What did he one day set off to do? What happened to him as he stooped to drink? What did the giant do with him? What did Dick see at the fire, when he was taken out of the bag? What did the giant do with Dick? What food was set there for him? What did Dick do when put in prison? What did the giant do on finding that Dick had eaten nothing? What did he think of when left alone in the dark? Why did Dick not sing as he used to do? What happened when the giant took him out of prison? Is this a true story? What was Dicky? Who was the giant?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

fel'low	thirst'y	pris'on	com-pan'ions
whis'tling	sud'den-ly	wretch'ed	flow'ers
scarce-ly	de-light'	fright'ened	an'gry
dis'tance	strug'gled	crea'ture	cru-el

DICTATION :—

*Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the Earth a cheerless place
To see no more of these.*

THE TRUNK OF THE ELEPHANT.

Ad'mir-ab-ly, wonderfully.
De-sign', contrivance; plan.

Mod'er-ate, not very great.
Pro-dig'-ious, very great.

THE long trunk of the elephant is a wonderful example of design* and skill. The neck of four-footed animals is usually long, to enable them to reach their food without difficulty; but the elephant has a short neck, to enable him more easily to support the weight of his huge head and heavy tusks. The difficulty of getting food is admirably* overcome by his long trunk.

The trunk of the elephant is to him what the *neck* is to other animals. It is also a *nose* to him, for at the end of it there is a hollow place like a cup, and in the bottom of the cup are two holes or nostrils, through which the animal smells and breathes. It is an *arm* and a *hand* too; so that it has been said that the elephant *carries his nose in his hand*; and it might also have been said that he *breathes* by his hand. How strange it would seem to us if we were to breathe through our hand!

At the end of the trunk, there is a curious part, about five inches long, which forms a *finger*. With this finger the animal can pick up a pin or the smallest piece of money from the ground; he can select herbs and flowers, and take them one by one; he can untie knots; he can open and shut gates, by turning the keys or pushing back the bolts: and with this finger an elephant has been taught to make regular marks like letters, with an instrument as small as a pen!

The trunk of a full-grown elephant is about eight feet long. It can be made shorter or longer as the animal chooses, and can be moved with great ease in every possible direction. It has such prodigious* strength that he can knock down a man with it, and pull up trees of moderate* size by the roots.

QUESTIONS. — Why has the elephant a short neck? What enables him to get his food? What does the trunk thus supply the place of? How does the elephant breathe? How can it be said that he carries his nose in his hand? What is there at the end of the trunk? What can he do with this? How long is the trunk of a full-grown elephant? Give an example of its great strength.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

won'-der-ful	dif-fi-cul-ty	se-lect'	short'-er	choos'-es
ex-am'-ple	cu'-ri-ous	reg'-u-lar	lon'-ger	pos'-si-ble
sup-port'	fin'-ger	in'-stru-ment	an'-i-mal	di-rec'-tion

DICTATION :—

The trunk of the elephant serves the purpose of a neck, by enabling him to reach his food; it is the nose, by which he smells and breathes; it is the arm, hand, and finger, by which he feels and works.

